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[No. 2.]

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

Cum tabulus animum censoris honesti.—Hor.

Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States. By Henry Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the partisan legion during the American War. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 910. Bradford and Inskeep.

(Concluded from p. 58. vol. II.)

THE following account, of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, is of a different character:

“At two o’clock in the evening the British army, led by general O’Hara, marched out of its lines, with colors cased, and drums beating a British march.

“The author was present at this ceremony; and certainly no spectacle could be more impressive than the one now exhibited. Valiant troops yielding up their arms after fighting in defence of a cause dear to them (because the cause of their country) under a leader, who, throughout the war, in every grade and in every situation to which he had been called, appeared the Hector of his host. Battle after battle had he fought; climate after climate had he endured: towns had yielded to his mandate; posts were abandoned at his approach; armies were conquered by his prowess; one nearly exterminated, another chased from the confines of South Carolina beyond the Dan into Virginia, and a third severely chastised in that state on the shores of

James’ river. But here, even he, in the midst of his splendid career, found his conqueror.

“The road through which they marched was lined with spectators, French and American. On one side the commander in chief, surrounded by his suite and the American staff, took his station; on the other side, opposite to him, was the count de Rochambeau in like manner attended. The captive army approached, moving slowly in columns with grace and precision. Universal silence was observed amidst the vast concourse, and the utmost decency prevailed; exhibiting in demeanor an awful sense of the vicissitudes of human life, mingled with commiseration for the unhappy. The head of the column approached the commander in chief. —O’Hara, mistaking the circle, turned to that on his left, for the purpose of paying his respects to the commander in chief, and requesting further orders, when quickly discovering his error, with much embarrassment in his countenance, he flew across the road, and advancing up to Washington, asked pardon for his mistake, apologized for the absence of Lord Cornwallis, and begged to know his further pleasure. The general feeling his embarrassment, relieved it by referring him with much politeness to general Lincoln for his government. Returning to the head of the column, it again moved under the guidance of Lincoln to the field

selected for the conclusion of the ceremony.

"Every eye was turned, searching for the British commander in chief, anxious to look at that man, heretofore so much the object of their dread. All were disappointed. Cornwallis held himself back from the humiliating scene : obeying sensations which his great character ought to have stifled. He had been unfortunate, not from any false step or deficiency of exertion on his part, but from the infatuated policy of his superior, and the united power of his enemy, brought to bear upon him alone. There was nothing with which he could reproach himself ; there was nothing with which he could reproach his brave army : why not then appear at its head in the day of misfortune, as he had done in the day of triumph ? The British general in this instance deviated from his usual line of conduct, dimming the splendour of his long and brilliant career."

Among the facts of a peculiarly interesting character, is the following, contained in a note to that part of the text mentioning that lieutenant colonel Hamilton commanded the van of the attack on the enemy's redoubt at Yorktown :

"An unhappy difference had occurred in the transaction of business between the general and his much respected aid, which produced the latter's withdraw from his family. A few days preceding this period, Hamilton had been engaged all the morning in copying some despatches, which the general, when about to take his usual rounds, directed him to forward as soon as finished.

"Washington finding on his return the despatches on the table, renewed his directions in expressions indicating his surprise at the delay ; and again leaving his apartment, found, when he returned, the despatches where he had left them. At this time Hamilton had gone out in search of the courier, who

had been long waiting, when accidentally he met the marquis La Fayette, who seizing him by the button (as was the habit of this zealous nobleman) engaged him in conversation ; which being continued with the marquis' usual earnestness, dismissed from Hamilton's mind for some minutes the object in view. At length breaking off from the marquis he reached the courier, and directed him to come forward to receive his charge and orders. Returning he found the general seated by the table, on which lay the despatches. The moment he appeared, Washington, with warmth and sternness, chided him for the delay ; to which Hamilton mildly replied, stating the cause ; when the general, rather irritated than mollified, sternly rebuked him. To this Hamilton answered : ' If your excellency thinks proper thus to address me, it is time for me to leave you.' He proceeded to the table, took up the despatch, sent off the express, packed up his baggage, and quitted head quarters.

"Although Washington took no measures to restore him to his family, yet he treated him with the highest respect ; giving to him the command of a regiment of light infantry, which now formed a part of La Fayette's corps.

"In the arrangement for the assault of the redoubt, La Fayette had given his van to his own aide-de-camp, lieutenant colonel Gimat ; but it being Hamilton's tour of duty, he remonstrated to the marquis upon the injustice of such preference. La Fayette excused himself by saying, that the arrangements made had been sanctioned by the commander in chief, and could not be changed by him. This no doubt was true ; but Washington did not know that any officer had been called to command out of tour.

"Hamilton, always true to the feelings of honour and independence, repelled this answer, and

left the marquis, announcing his determination to appeal to headquarters. This he accordingly did do, in a spirited and manly letter. Washington, incapable of injustice sent for the marquis, and enquiring into the fact, found that the tour of duty belonging to Hamilton had been given to Gimat. He instantly directed the marquis to reinstate Hamilton, who consequently was put at the head of the van, which he conducted so advantageously to the service and so honourable to himself.

"This anecdote was communicated to the writer by lieutenant colonel Hamilton, during the siege of Yorktown."

But the most satisfactory light in which we regard the memoirs of colonel Lee, is the use to which they may be applied, in diffusing more correct notions of our military policy, than have hitherto prevailed among us. It is difficult, indeed, by any perversion of facts, or any idle declamation, to obscure the splendid glory of the soldiers of the revolution. But it is the misfortune as well as the folly of the present day, to look at the result only of that great struggle, without profiting by the admirable lessons which the errors of our enemies, as well as of ourselves, present at every page of the revolution. Because the contest between this country and Great Britain ended successfully, we are content to think, that having grown older we have grown stronger—that it is, of course, useless to make more preparations than our ancestors did—and thus we advance, sure of committing the same faults, and equally sure of the same good fortune to extricate us from them. In this dreaming confidence, we forget, that although positively stronger, we are in fact, relatively weaker; because while other nations have advanced, we are at least, stationary in the means of defence. We forget, also, what is more to

our present purpose, that the war of the revolution was shortened by the mistakes of the enemy, and prolonged by our own—that we owe much to fortune—something to foreign assistance—and that a nation is unworthy of her freedom, if she neglects the best preparation to defend it. Of the character of our adversaries, colonel Lee gives his sentiments in a manner equally forcible and just:

"Sir Henry Clinton was, like most of the generals who appeared in this war, good, but not great. He was an active, zealous, honourable, well bred soldier; but Heaven had not touched his mind with its aethereal spark. He could not soar above the ordinary level; and though calculated to shine in a secondary sphere, was sure to twinkle in the highest station. When presidents, kings, or emperors confide armies to soldiers of common minds, they ought not to be surprised at the disasters which follow. The war found general Gage in chief command in America; confessedly better fitted for peace. He was changed for sir William Howe who, after two campaigns was withdrawn, or withdrew. Sir Henry Clinton succeeded; and when peace became assured, sir Guy Carleton, afterwards lord Dorchester, took his place. By a strange fatality the soldier best qualified for the arduous duties of war, was reserved to conduct the scenes of returning peace. This general was and had been for many years, governor of Canada. He defended Quebec against Montgomery; where he gave strong indications of a superior mind by his use of victory. Instead of detaining his enemy (fellow subjects as he called them) in prison ships; committing them to the discretion of mercenary commissaries for food and fuel; and to military bailiffs for safe keeping, Carleton paroled the officers, expressing his regret that they should have been induced to main,

tain a cause wrong in principle, and fatal to its abettors in issue; and sent home the privates, giving to all every requisite aid for their comfortable return, enjoining them never to take up arms a second time against their sovereign; as thereby they would forfeit the security and comfort which he had presented, as well as violate their own peace of mind, by cancelling a contract founded in the confidence of their truth."

"The effect of such policy was powerful. General Greene, from whom the information is derived, expressed his conviction that the kindness of Carleton was more to be dreaded than the bayonet of Howe; and mentioned as an undeniable fact, that in the various districts to which our captured troops returned, not excepting the faithful state of Connecticut, the impressions made by the relation of the treatment experienced from him, produced a lasting and unpropitious effect.

"Here is exhibited deep knowledge of the human heart—the ground work of greatness in the art of war. When we add the honorable display of patriotism evinced by the same officer, in his support of the expedition under lieutenant general Burgoyne, intruded by the minister into an important command which the governor of Canada had a right to expect, and subjoin that when a colonel at the head of a regiment in the army under Wolfe, before Quebec, he was the only officer of that grade entrusted by that great captain with a separate command, America may justly rejoice in the misapplication of such talents, and Great Britain as truly lament the infatuation of her rulers, who overlooked a leader of such high promise."

And again:

"In the whole course of the American war, there seems to have been a systematic sacrifice of time by the British generals, excepting

where lord Cornwallis commanded. I do not recollect any operations wherein the British resorted to forced marches. Washington, in 1776, was hurried through the Jerseys. Upon this occasion lord Cornwallis was the operating general; and we all remember how he pushed Morgan, and afterwards Greene, in the Carolinas. The delay of sir Henry Clinton in this short march of thirty miles is inexplicable, unless from habit, or from a wish to induce the American general to shut himself up in Charleston."

The mistake of general Gates, and other officers, in the Southern army—the deficient arrangements of the commissariat—the want of maps, and knowledge of the topography of the country, and other smaller defects, are noticed and censured with equal severity. But the great and radical vice in our modes of thinking on military matters, is the reliance which we are disposed to place on the militia—a confidence which the whole history of the revolution, and the testimony of the most distinguished officers, ought to impair, if not totally destroy.

"Whenever (says col. Lee) the commitment of our militia in battle with regulars occurs, the heart of the writer is rent with painful emotions; knowing, as he does, the waste of life resulting from the stupid, cruel policy. Can there be any system devised by the wit of man, more the compound of inhumanity, of murder, and of waste of resources? Ought any government to be respected, which, when peace permits substitution of a better system, neglects to avail itself of the opportunity? Was a father to put his son, with his small sword drawn for the first time, against an experienced swordsman, would not his neighbours exclaim, murderer! vile murderer! Just so acts the government, and yet our parents are all satisfied; although, whenever

war takes place, their sons are to be led to the altar of blood. Dreadful apathy! shocking coldness to our progeny!"

And again :

"Convinced as I am, that a government is the murderer of its citizens, which sends them to the field uninformed and untaught, where they are to meet men of the same age and strength, mechanized by education and discipline for battle, I cannot withhold my denunciation of its wickedness and its folly; much as I applaud, and must ever applaud, those instances, like the one before us, of armed citizens vying with our best soldiers in the first duty of man to his country."

It is indeed, a lesson, worth the sufferings of the war, to have ascertained the want of energy and character, which is almost inseparable from that species of force; and how often the employment of it, hurried the American cause to the verge of ruin.

If ever there was a cause more emphatically the cause of the militia, it was ours. We were, in the first instance, contending for popular rights; and at last, combating for our fire sides, against an invading enemy. There was therefore, every thing to operate on the feelings, and stimulate the valour of the militia. Yet, after the first gallant stand, at Breed's hill, it would not be difficult to decide, that the militia were quite as injurious as they were beneficial to the public service. "I solemnly declare," says Gen. Washington, "I never was witness to a single instance, that can countenance an opinion, of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties, to skirmish in the woods; but incapable of making, or sustaining a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habits of discipline and service." It was this loose, irregular composition of

the army, which prevented the acquisition of Canada, by making Montgomery attempt what was beyond his force, rather than see himself abandoned by his army. After the battle of Long-Island, "the militia," says Ramsay, "ran off by companies." The militia, gave way in disorder, before the first fire of the British at Princeton, and nearly occasioned the death of Washington, in attempting to rally them. They fled at the first fire, before an inferior force, at Briar creek, when general Ash nominally commanded them. They threw away their arms, and fled in a body on the first fire, at the battle of Camden. They gave way at the Cowpens—and before a single man of them had been killed or wounded, they took to flight at the battle of Guilford. It is therefore, not merely a careless improvidence, it is throwing away all the advantages of historical knowledge, to declaim, as we are in the habit of doing, on the valour of our armies, whilst we neglect the only precautions which can ensure them success or distinction.

We have already observed, that in every thing except the style, these memoirs are superior to those of Tarleton. The manner of the latter partakes more of the temperate gravity of history; whilst that of col. Lee, though bold and strong, is very often redundant and rhetorical, and fitter for an oration than an historical composition. It would indeed, seem as if these competitors had exchanged styles; for the memoirs of Lee are written rather in the dashing manner of Tarleton, whilst Tarleton's mode of writing would suit better the calm and historical matter of Lee's volumes. Our meaning will be best explained by specimens like the following, taken at random, which are much too inflated:

"These soldier-like reflections determined this gallant officer to rely solely upon his inferior force,

which he directed to resume its original disposition, assigning his entire corps to that part of the works heretofore contracted to fit his strength: nor could the persevering solicitations of lieutenant colonel Simms, seconded by the anxious wishes of his troops, *shake the fixed resolve of Greene.*

"Disappointed in his *sought participation of the terrific conflict impending*, this zealous officer hastened to his destined post, to share with the commandant of Mud' island the dangers of his *arduous and momentous struggle.*

"Filing off through the *postern gate* of the fort, he embarked in boats prepared to transport his detachment to the island."—vol. I. p. 33.

Thus, also:

"The terrible conflict became more and more desperate. Not the tremendous fire from Province island and the heights of Schuylkill; not the thunder from the hostile fleet, nor the probable sudden co-operation of the army down the river, could damp the keen and soaring courage of Thayer. Cool and discriminating amidst surrounding dangers, he held safe the great stake committed to his skill and valour."—p. 42.

And again—An officer was despatched "to gain our rear by moving occultly along the accidentally discovered path."—vol. I. p. 69. And Washington is represented, as "patiently watching the opportune moment to strike the meditated blow."—ib. p. 25.

Besides these, we are sorry to perceive a multitude of new words which have neither authority nor elegance to recommend them. Thus, we have "a renewal of amity with Great Britain with *preferential commercial intercourse.*" Howe's conduct is "examined with *scrutinous eyes,*"—and some one's "progress is subject to *interruption.*" "A retreat was *effectible;*" and the *withdraw* of troops is again and

again repeated. Then too, the author uses such colloquialisms, as that an officer "saw himself *gone,*" if he could not extricate himself, &c.—and Tarleton "*drove at*" the enemy.

With regard to his facts, we do not perceive any inaccuracy, except a small error in reporting general Lee's expression to general Gates (vol. I. p. 224.) which, as we have understood it was: "Take sure that your northern laurels are not turned into southern cypress."

But, notwithstanding these slight and subordinate imperfections, we cannot closet the work before us, without expressing our thanks to the author, for the high gratification which he has afforded us, and the rich addition which he has made to our military annals.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AS Mr. Readheffer, the alleged discoverer of perpetual motion, has not yet obtained a patent from the government, it might be somewhat premature to state, publicly, the principles on which his machine is constructed, and to examine whether it be a discovery or a deception. It may however, assist some of your readers, in forming their opinions, to know the ideas of the learned, in relation to the obstacles which such a scheme has to encounter, and the practicability of any plan for the discovery of perpetual motion. I have therefore, translated for their use, the following article on that subject, from the French Encyclopedia; premising, that however exceptionable may be the opinions of the compilers of that work, on many points of philosophy, their claim to distinction in every branch of physical science, cannot be contested.

B.

"Perpetual motion is a motion which is preserved and renewed continually of itself, without the aid of any external cause; or it is an uninterrupted communication of the same degree of motion, passing from one part of matter to another, either in a circle, or any other curve, returning to itself, so that the same motion returns to the first mover, without being altered. To find perpetual motion, or to construct a machine with such a motion, is a famous problem which has exercised mathematicians for the last two thousand years. We have an infinite number of drawings, figures, plans, machines and wheels which have been occasioned by attempting to solve this problem, but as they have all proved abortive, it would be useless to detail them here. It is, in short, rather an insult than a compliment to say of any one that he is seeking the perpetual motion, and the inutility of all attempts hitherto to find it, give but an unfavourable idea of those who apply themselves to it.

"In fact, it appears that we ought scarcely to hope to find it. Among all the properties of matter and motion, we know of none which seems capable of being the principle of such an effect.

"It is agreed, that action and reaction must be equal, and that a body which gives motion to another must lose as much motion as it communicates. Now, in the present state of things, the resistance of the air, and the friction, must necessarily retard the motion incessantly—so, that in order that any motion should always subsist, it is necessary either that it should be continually kept up by an external cause, which would no longer be what is meant by perpetual motion—or else, that all resistance should be completely annihilated, which is physically impossible.

"By the second law of nature, the changes which happen in the motion of bodies, are always pro-

portioned to the moving force applied to them, and in the direction of that force; so that a machine cannot receive a greater motion than that residing in the moving force which has been applied to it. Now, on our earth, all motions are made in a resisting fluid, and consequently they must necessarily be retarded. The medium therefore, must absorb a considerable part of the motion.

"Moreover, no machine can avoid friction, because there are not in nature any surfaces perfectly plain, on account of the manner in which the parts of bodies adhere together, the nature of these parts themselves, and the small proportion which the matter that these bodies contain bear to the volume which they occupy. This friction must consequently diminish little by little the force applied or communicated to the machine, so that the perpetual motion cannot take place, unless the force communicated be much greater than the generating force, and makes up for the diminution which all the other causes produce—but as nothing can give what it has not, the generating force cannot give to the machine a degree of motion greater than what it possesses itself, so that the whole question of perpetual motion, in this case, is reduced to finding a weight heavier than itself, or an elastic force greater than itself. Or, in the third and last place, a method must be found of regaining, by the disposition and combination of mechanical powers, a force equal to that which is lost. It is to this last point that those who wish to solve this problem give their principal attention.

"But how, or by what means can such a force be regained? It is certain that the multiplication of forces or powers cannot effect it, for what is gained in power is lost in time, so that the quantity of motion remains always the same. No

which he directed to resume its original disposition, assigning his entire corps to that part of the works heretofore contracted to fit his strength : nor could the persevering solicitations of lieutenant colonel Simms, seconded by the anxious wishes of his troops, *shake the fixed resolve of Greene.*

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"In fact, it appears that we ought scarcely to hope to find it. Among all the properties of matter and motion, we know of none which seems capable of being the principle of such an effect.

"It is agreed, that action and reaction must be equal, and that a body which gives motion to another must lose as much motion as it communicates. Now, in the present state of things, the resistance of the air, and the friction, must necessarily retard the motion incessantly—so, that in order that any motion should always subsist, it is necessary either that it should be continually kept up by an external cause, which would no longer be what is meant by perpetual motion—or else, that all resistance should be completely annihilated, which is physically impossible.

"By the second law of nature, the changes which happen in the motion of bodies, are always pro-

portioned to the moving force applied to them, and in the direction of that force; so that a machine cannot receive a greater motion than that residing in the moving force which has been applied to it. Now, on our earth, all motions are made in a resisting fluid, and consequently they must necessarily be retarded. The medium therefore, must absorb a considerable part of the motion.

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"But how, or by what means can such a force be regained? It is certain that the multiplication of forces or powers cannot effect it, for what is gained in power is lost in time, so that the quantity of motion remains always the same. No

mechanism can ever make a small power equal to a greater—twenty-five pounds equal to one hundred for instance; and if a smaller power seems equal to a greater, it is an error of our senses.

The equilibrium is not really between twenty-five and one hundred pounds, but between one hundred pounds moving, or tending to move with a certain quickness, and twenty-five pounds moving, or tending to move with four times the velocity of the one hundred pounds.

“When we consider the twenty-five and one hundred pounds weights as fixed and immovable, we may at first believe that the twenty-five pounds alone prevent a much greater weight from rising, but we shall be easily undeceived if we consider them both in motion; for we will see that the twenty-five pounds can raise the one hundred pounds only by going over four times as great a space in the same time, so that the virtual quantities of motion of the two weights will be the same; and consequently there will be nothing surprising in the equilibrium. A power of ten pounds, therefore, being moved, or tending to move with ten times the velocity of a power of one hundred, may make an equilibrium with it, and the same may be said of all products equal to one hundred. In short, the products on both sides must always be one hundred, in whatever way they are taken—if the mass be diminished the velocity must be proportionally increased.

“This inviolable law of nature leaves nothing to art except the choice between different combinations which may produce the same effect.

“M. de Maupertius in one of his letters on different subjects of philosophy, makes the following reflections on perpetual motion: Those who seek after this motion exclude from the forces which must produce it, not only air and

water, but also some other agents which might be employed, so that they do not consider as a perpetual motion that which might be produced by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere, or by those of heat and cold. They confine themselves to two agents—*vis inertiae* and *gravitation*, and reduce the question to this, whether the velocity of the motion can be prolonged either by the first of these means, that is, by transmitting the motion, by shocks, from one body to another—or by the second, that is, making bodies ascend by the descent of other bodies, which will then reascend while the others descend. In the latter case, it is demonstrated that the sum total of the bodies, each multiplied by the height from which it descends, is equal to that of the same bodies, each multiplied by the height to which it can reascend. It would be therefore, necessary, in order to produce perpetual motion, in this way, that the bodies which fall and rise should preserve absolutely all the motion which gravitation gives them, without losing any of it by friction or the resistance of the air, which is impossible.

If we employ the *vis inertiae* it must be remarked, 1st, That motion is lost in the shock of hard bodies—2d, That if the bodies are elastic, the force is preserved it is true, but besides that, there are no bodies perfectly elastic, the friction and the resistance of the air are still to be subtracted. Whence he concludes that we cannot hope to find perpetual motion by means of either *vis inertiae* or *gravitation*, and that this motion is therefore impossible.

LETTERS ON FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

No. IV.

(Continued from vol. II. p. 22.)

MY DEAR H—,

IN my last epistle, I promised to resume the subject of the scien-

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tific institutions, and to say something more of the learned men of Paris. I shall now proceed to perform my engagement. Let me conduct you at once to an establishment for the promotion of knowledge, by far the most beautiful and perfect, of which the French metropolis can boast. I mean the Garden of Plants, now termed the Museum of Natural History, situated at the extremity of one of the suburbs, and comprising a space of many acres. This magnificent institution claims the unqualified admiration of a stranger, and would alone, if all the other public foundations for the advancement of knowledge were abolished, assert the munificence of its patrons, and redeem the scientific character of Paris. The picturesque decorations of the garden do not more delightfully recreate the eye, than the purpose to which it is applied, and the manner of the application, warm the feelings, and gratify the understanding. The oftener I visited this spot, the more I examined it in detail, and became acquainted with the copious fountains of knowledge which are here opened with the most splendid liberality, the more perfect and praiseworthy, did I find the whole organization.

The Garden of Plants dates its origin as far back as 1540, during the reign of Louis XIII. 1665, it bore the title of *Hortus Regius*, and exhibited a catalogue of four thousand plants. From that moment it made but slow progress, until Louis XV. placed it under the direction of Buffon; the celebrated Naturalist, to whose anxious care and indefatigable exertions, it owes its present extent and magnificence. It is now under the immediate patronage of the government and superintended by twelve professors; each of whom regulates exclusively, whatever appertains to the department of science, which he is selected to teach. This

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institution comprises, 1st. A botanical garden and numerous hot-houses admirably disposed, and stocked with the most various and abundant collection of plants in the universe. There is scarcely a member of the vegetable tribe belonging to the known parts of the globe, of which it cannot furnish a specimen. 2d. An extensive chemical laboratory. 3d. A cabinet of comparative anatomy, with which nothing of the kind to be found elsewhere, can sustain a parallel. 4th. A valuable cabinet of preparations in anatomy and natural history. 5th. A large library, consisting principally of works relating to natural history, and possessing some very curious drawings. 6th. A museum of natural history, confessedly unequalled, in point of variety and distribution. 7th. A menagerie, well stocked, which has this peculiarity, that the animals, &c. are distributed in various parts of the garden, in appropriate inclosures and habitations, which, being embellished with great taste and judgment, produce a very striking and fanciful effect. The edifices in which the cabinets are deposited, and the professors lodged, are convenient and spacious. A beautiful little structure, intitled the amphitheatre, is appropriated to the delivery of the lectures.

During the summer season, public and gratuitous course of lectures are given, in mineralogy, geology, chemistry, botany, ornithology, osteology, iconography, simple and comparative anatomy, &c. Among the professors at the period of my visit, were, Haüy, Jussieu, Fourcroy, Cuvier, Lacedepede, and Portal, names of the highest eminence in science. The Museum, Library, &c. are open every day to students, and twice a week to casual visitors. The latter, however, must be supplied with tickets of admission, by the annual director, from whom they are

obtained without difficulty. This precaution answers a necessary purpose of discrimination.

The garden itself is open to all persons, without distinction. The remoteness of its situation, aloof from the bustle and throng of the capital, serves to protect it from the incursion of the rabble, and of the world of fashion. Its walks, are therefore, frequented chiefly by those who are prompted, either by the impulse of curiosity, or the love of knowledge. In good weather, the professors of botany give their peripatetic lessons to a numerous train of disciples, without fear of molestation or interruption from idle loiterers, and oftentimes with no other auditors or spectators, than the former. The most habitual loungers in the Garden of Plants, as well as in that of the Luxemburg, are decayed emigrants and other persons impoverished by the revolution, who find a cheap lodging in the suburbs, and dedicate most of their time to solitary exercise or meditation, in these retreats.

This institution unites all that the imagination of a pastoral poet, or the curiosity of a naturalist could demand. It combines whatever can solace the sense, or amuse the fancy, or gratify a scientific inquirer. With regard to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, it is a kind of microcosm. The vegetation of every clime, including the loftiest as well as the most beautiful and odoriferous, is offered to the inspection of the studious and inquisitive, and spread over a vast surface, embellished by all that art can furnish to nature, or taste yield to art. The trees and plants of exotic growth, their variegated verdure, the magnificent avenues, the thick groves and silent arbors, the diversified and fanciful scenery produced by the mounds and inclosures, remind you of the island which Johnson allots to Seged, and which he describes as culti-

vated only for pleasure—as “planted with every flower that spreads its colors to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air.” In one part of the botanical garden, there is an eminence which you ascend by a spiral path, and from the summit of which, you contemplate one of the most noble prospects that I have ever beheld. From the pavilion on the top, you survey at your leisure, the architectural monuments of the capital, the Seine in some part of its course the irregular hills of the vicinity covered with verdure, the cultivated meadows which spread themselves along the banks of the river, and immediately below, the garden itself, in all its variety of hues and symmetry of arrangement.

When I have been seated at noon, on a fine day, in the month of August, or in the commencement of May, under one of the majestic ash of the garden of plants with this Elysian scene before me in the midst of a most profound silence, and of a solitude interrupted only by the occasional appearance of the professor of botany and his pupils, I have almost fancied myself among the groves of the Athenian academy, and could imagine that I heard the lessons of the “divine” Plato. Here, as well as in the spacious and noble walks and gardens of Oxford, which are admirably calculated for the exercises both of the mind and body, the fancy takes wing, and readily transports the student of antiquity, to those venerable seats of knowledge, where the sublime philosophy of the Greeks was taught and “the masters of human reason” displayed their incomparable eloquence:

“the green retreats
“Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
“Where oft enchanted with Socratic
 sounds,
“Ulyssus pure devolved his tuneful strain
“In gentle murmurs.”

I could, wish my fancy roused by the prospect before me, and heated by the recollection of the glory and the benefit which the human race has derived from the schools of Athens, anticipate the day, when similar institutions would flourish in our own country, and like them, "pour forth a colony" of profound statesmen, legislators, and philosophers, who might shed a permanent radiance over the American name, and open new sources of instruction and happiness, not only to us, but to all mankind. I reflected upon the aptitude of a popular state for the most noble pursuits of active and speculative life:—upon the elective affection, which the studies of philosophy and eloquence may be said to entertain for a political system, that encourages an unlimited freedom of enquiry, into every branch of human knowledge; which asserts the exclusive dominion of just and equal laws; which lays open the offices of public trust and honor to all classes of citizens; under which the oratorical art is a powerful engine both of patriotism and ambition, and the spirit of enterprise, the main spring of efforts and improvements that know no bounds, but those which Providence has assigned to the human faculties either of moral happiness or intellectual perfection. I reflected upon the height to which we are already raised by the labors and discoveries of the nations of the other hemisphere; upon the singular and peculiar fitness of our federative system for the excitement of that generous & stimulating emulation, which conduces so efficaciously to the complete development and culture of the human powers. I called to mind what Gibbon has said of the states of Greece, the remembrance of whose institutions had awakened the glowing expectations in which my imagination rioted, and prompted to congratulate myself,

not only on the striking resemblance between our position and the picture he draws, but on the obvious advantage we enjoy in the comparison. "The cities of ancient Greece," says the historian, "were cast in the happy mixture of union and independence, which is repeated on a larger scale, but in a looser form, by the nations of modern Europe: the union of language, religion and manners, which renders them the spectators and judges of each other's merit; the independence of government and interest, which asserts their separate freedom, and excites them to strive for pre-eminence in the career of glory."

At the period of my residence in Paris, the abbe Haüy, so celebrated for his labors in mineralogy, was the annual director of the garden of plants. I was made known to him, soon after my arrival, and enjoyed a familiar access both to his study, and to the invaluable treasures under his care. To this excellent person the world is largely indebted for his crystallography, and his plan for the specification of minerals. When I recollected what he had achieved in his department of science, and the labors he was then compelled to undergo, and adverted, at the same time, to his advanced age, and to the extreme debility of his frame bordering on absolute decrepitude, I was struck with astonishment and admiration, at the activity of spirit and the force of volition, which were necessary to vanquish obstacles apparently insurmountable. No person, who has had the good fortune to enjoy the society of this individual, can fail to do justice to the softness and urbanity of his manners, to the depth and variety of his scientific attainments, and to the sound and elevated morality of his character and opinions. In his lectures, he is remarkable for the perspicuity of method and expression, and

of his style, it is certain that he bestowed much less labour upon it, than Rousseau employed on a dictation, the distinguishing characteristics of which are apparent ease and simplicity.

Marmontel, in his *Memoirs*, has not done justice to Buffon, when he speaks of his connexion with the encyclopedists, and ascribes his defection from them, to an impatience of superiority, and a desire of conciliating the favour of the court, to which they were obnoxious. The naturalist withdrew from them, because he disliked their principles, and was disgusted with the arrogant tone and jealous competition of their society. Marmontel misrepresents the motives of Buffon, but says truly, when he remarks that the latter felt himself strong enough to live with some magnificence, and preferred having a free and separate bark to himself. The naturalist left a son, who reached a high rank in the army, but perished by the guillotine, in the year 1794. He met death with great courage, and exclaimed, several times on the scaffold, "citizens, my name is Buffon!" There was, however, nothing talismanic in this ejaculation when addressed to the ears of the Parisian mob.

The arsenal of the former monarchs of France is situated opposite to the garden of plants, on the other side of the Seine. It contains a public library of great extent and value, but was, in my eye, still more attractive, from being the residence of Mde. de Genlis, with whose reputation you are well acquainted. She occupied gratuitously, with the permission of the Emperor, the apartments immediately above the library, of which she had the unrestrained use, and was comfortably, although by no means splendidly, lodged. I had occasion to pay frequent visits to this celebrated woman, and enjoyed much of her conversation.

Her previous history, and particularly the part which she acted in the commencement of the revolution, are too well known to you, to need repetition here. I shall, therefore, speak only of her present situation, and of the impression which she left upon my mind.

Mde. de Genlis, once the governess of the children of the duke of Orleans, was invested with the same character at the period of my residence in Paris, in relation to the then queen of Naples, the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. This was, however, a merely honorary title at the time, and has not, in all likelihood, since required personal attention to the duties of the station. It was accompanied by a pension of twelve hundred dollars a year from the Emperor, for which it was said he exacted from her an hebdomadal or weekly epistle, on miscellaneous subjects. It was stated, that he had imposed this singular species of fealty, with a view to obtain her opinions on the affairs of the day, and the characters of those by whom she was surrounded.

The conversation of this lady impressed me with a high idea of her powers, and corresponded to the celebrity of her name. She appeared to me rather solemn and didactic than otherwise, and displayed much less fancy and vivacity in discourse, than I was led to expect, from the rich imagery, and the glowing pictures, with which her works abound. But I was still delighted with the depth and beauty of her observations on human nature, and with the rational and philosophical strain of her ideas. I could discover, at every moment, proofs of the most acute discernment, of a memory uncommonly tenacious, and of a very singular faculty of description. The chief merit of her writings may, indeed, be said to consist, not so much in the flights of a vigorous imagination, as in the expression of strong

feeling, and in the skill, with which she discovers and exhibits the various shades, and the ridiculous points, of the human character. She paints the depravity and the follies of the world with a force and fidelity, which lead you to suppose that she must have had for a long time some horrible models before her eyes, and retained many bitter recollections of them in her heart.

We conversed much about England, where she resided during a part of the revolution, and was treated with the distinction due to her reputation and talents. She appeared, however, to be but little infected with that Anglo-mania which has been made, by the French government, so serious a charge against her brilliant rival, Mde. de Stael. She spoke of that country, in terms much more creditable to her policy, than to her candour or gratitude. The English were, according to Mde. de Genlis, at least a century behind-hand in civilization; wholly destitute of taste or knowledge in the fine arts; and chiefly remarkable, for the illiberality of their prejudices, and the exorbitance of their pride. She found no merit in any English novels or romances, excepting those of Miss Burney, and was particularly disgusted with the productions of Mrs Radcliffe, who, nevertheless, is described by the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, as "the mighty magician of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, bred and nourished by the Florentine muses, and extolled as a poetess, 'whom Ariosto would have acknowledged with rapture.'" I coincide with this illustrious critic, and venture to claim, for the novels of England, a decided superiority over those of France, in their distinguishing and appropriate character, as a just representation of familiar life and manners, and an exertion of the powers of fancy, in favour of genuine feeling

and sound morals. In works of imagination generally, the female writers of England, greatly excel in my opinion, the literary sisterhood of France. I have been often led to reflect upon this circumstance with some surprise, as French women certainly display much more fancy in conversation, and enjoy, by their preponderance in society and their habits of social intercourse, very important advantages for the culture of all the faculties of the mind.

Madame de Genlis is said to have been uncommonly handsome in her youth, but is now of an advanced age, and preserves no other vestige of beauty, than an eye of great fire and penetration. She was conspicuous at an early period of life, for the brilliancy of her wit, and the variety of her accomplishments, many of which she still retains. She is now almost unrivalled among her own sex, for her skill in music and drawing, and distinguished for a singular talent in imitating precious stones. She showed me a specimen of her labors in this way, in the form of a snuff-box, that produced the most complete illusion. She was, when I saw her, occupied in the composition of a work, to be entitled, the *Botany of the Bible*, or, a *History of the Plants mentioned in the sacred writings*, and had herself sketched and coloured a number of designs for the work, in a most happy style of execution.*

The strongest and most valuable

* Her plan was subsequently enlarged. The work was published in the commencement of the last summer, under the title of "*La Botanique Historique et Littéraire, contenant tous les traits, toutes les anecdotes, et les superstitions relatives aux fleurs dont il est fait mention dans l'histoire sainte et prophétique et des détails sur quelques plantes singulières, ou qui portent les noms de personnages célèbres, et sur celles qui servent aux cultes religieux*," &c. We observe, that she has published recently, a collection of drawings, entitled, "*Arabesques Mythologiques*."

titles, which this lady justly prefers, to respect and admiration, do not, however, arise from any external accomplishments of this kind, but are founded upon her indefatigable industry, her profound knowledge of the human heart, her various attainments in literature, her uncommon powers of invention and description, and the ease, correctness, and occasional felicity of her style. At a very early age, she was initiated into one of the most brilliant, polished, intelligent, and I may add, depraved societies that has ever existed. She brought to it, a mind always on the alert in observation, capable of analysing the most intricate features, and penetrating into the deepest recesses, of the human character, and possessing at the same time, a most exquisite relish for the pleasures and occupations of the fashionable world.

No woman of her time has been more habitually in conversation with the best intellects of Europe, during the course of a long life; and there is none, perhaps, who has more successfully improved her opportunities. She was closely connected with the sect of republicans and philosophers, at the commencement of the revolution, and is far from having passed a blameless life. It is however, a remarkable circumstance in itself, and highly honorable to her, that all her writings breathe the purest morality; and that many of them are exclusively devoted to the cause of religion and virtue. Her *Theatre of Education*, one of her first and most ingenious productions, is, I think, among the best sources of moral instruction open to young girls, and a book, which, of all others, I would most readily put into their hands. It appeared to give her no small pleasure, when she was informed, that this work had a considerable circula-

giques, ou les attributs de toutes les divinités de la fable, en cinquante quatre planches."

on in this country. Her works would now fill at least sixty octavo volumes, and afford proofs not only of a prodigious fertility of invention, but of the most astonishing diligence. What impression would such Herculean labors have made on Johnson, who, with no instance of female hardihood before him, that bore any proportion to this, has, nevertheless, used the following language?

"In former times, the pen, like the sword, was considered as consigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themselves with private virtues and domestic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was considered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illustriously, from her due sphere of action, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But, as in times past, there is said to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-ax, formed encampments, and wasted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who, with the spirit of their predecessors, have set masculine tyranny at defiance, asserted their claim to the regions of science, and seem resolved to contest the usurpations of the other sex."

Mde. de Genlis, at the period of my acquaintance with her, saw the most intelligent society of Paris, and gave *petit soupers*, which exhibited an image of the old entertainments of the same kind, and at which there reigned much of the *bon ton* of the old regime. The most prominent member of her circle was cardinal Maury, so celebrated in the annals of the national assembly, and to whom, both the palm of eloquence and energy was, during the sitting of that body, almost universally accorded. As the author of several works of great merit, as the most intrepid and powerful antagonist of Mirabeau,

and the bulwark of the clergy and the throne, he enjoyed an unequalled share of consideration, particularly among the royalists of the day. He is now in the first ranks of French literature, and, without competition, the most distinguished and able ecclesiastic of the empire. He emigrated to Italy before the death of the king, and sheltered himself, in different parts of that country, from the storm of the revolution. Pius the VI. gave him a cardinal's hat, and deputed him in 1792, to Frankfort, to officiate there as his nuncio, at the coronation of the Emperor of Germany. On the irruption of the French armies into Italy, orders were issued to arrest him wherever he could be found; and it was with no small difficulty, that he escaped the vigilant pursuit of his enemies. After sharing the fortunes of Pius until his death, he addressed, in 1805, a letter to the Emperor Napoleon, signifying his intention to return to France, and to do homage to the new government. Bonaparte granted him an interview the same year, at Genoa; and the result of the meeting was said to be perfectly satisfactory to both.

Since the period of his return to France, he has received the most flattering demonstrations of the Imperial favour, and evinced his gratitude, by the most profound obsequiousness, and the grossest adulation. In all the mummeries to which the French government has rendered the forms of religion subservient, Cardinal Maury has been the chief puppet, and the ready instrument;—whether the task, imposed upon him, was to pronounce the legality of the Emperor's divorce, or to attest the numerous favours which his master has conferred upon the Catholic worship. The cardinal was made the almoner of Prince Jerome, and took occasion to introduce, into the discourse which he pronounced on his admission to the Institute, a solemn

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eulogium on that individual. The extraordinary virtues and talents of the Imperial family constitute his favourite theme in conversation, and are habitually extolled by him with a fervor and emphasis, of which the insincerity is no less certain, than the flattery is disgusting. His residence in Italy, appears not only to have destroyed the energy of his character, but to have weakened the powers of his understanding. The discourse I have just mentioned excited the loftiest expectations throughout the whole capital, and attracted an auditory to the Institute, more numerous and brilliant than any which had been assembled on a similar occasion, for many years before. It fatigued every hearer, and none more than myself, whose hopes were buoyed up to the highest pitch. Even his most zealous friends felt and experienced a heavy disappointment.

A little circumstance preceded this exhibition, which deserves to be mentioned, as an exemplification of the authority exercised by Bonaparte over the Institute. Cardinal Maury was a member of the old academy of Paris, and, as such was entitled to claim a seat among that body. This was granted without hesitation; but he insisted also upon receiving from them, at his inauguration, the title of *Monseigneur*, in virtue of his dignity as cardinal. The case was without a direct precedent in their annals, and the innovation not palatable to the members. Cardinal Dubois, indeed, of infamous memory, had been saluted with this title; but it was in his capacity of minister to Louis XV. and not in his ecclesiastical character. The demand was, therefore, rejected; but Maury was not to be diverted from his purpose. The dispute, which arose out of this question, occasioned the ceremony of his admission to be postponed for some weeks. All Paris was in despair at the de-

lay, until the Emperor relieved his "good city," by interposing his authority and seconding the request of his new proselyte, with a positive mandate, which was promptly obeyed.

Marmontel pronounces in his memoirs, a warm eulogium upon the splendid oratorical powers and the amiable qualities of Maury, but blames him for his overweening arrogance, and the excessive impetuosity of his temper. His character has undergone a sensible change, since the period that Marmontel wrote. He seems no longer to possess that felicity of style which marks his early writings, or that nervous, prompt and commanding eloquence, which so eminently distinguished his magnanimous efforts in the national assembly. I saw in him, and those who approach him frequently alike recognise, an ambitious and arrogant, but cautious and politic prelate, aspiring to the Roman purple and to political consequence; and willing to hold any language, or to act any part, which may prove agreeable or useful to his patron. Should Bonaparte be able to overcome, in his favour, that repugnance which he feels to all those, who were conspicuous for their devotion to the house of Bourbon, Maury will undoubtedly be selected as the chief agent in the execution of the plans, that he may have in view with regard to religion. It is said, that the cardinal has in his hands very important documents on the subject of the revolution, which in all probability, will never see the light, in consequence, according to the Parisian phrase, of the new position in which he finds himself.

Although Maury was the most distinguished of the royalist party in the national assembly, and by far the most strenuous, active and intrepid defender of the throne and the altar, it is rather remarkable that he was, at no time, personally odious, even to the most infuriate

of the jacobin mob of Paris, and rarely the object of their indignities. The *poissardes* sometimes abused; but more frequently applauded him, even the most venal and factious of the journals of the day occasionally pronounced his panegyric. The populace are said to have applied this language to him. "At least, he does not seek to deceive us: he serves the cause that he has espoused openly and honestly." "Au moins il ne cherche pas à nous trahir, et il sert franchement le parti qu'il a embrasse." The impression produced upon the minds of all parties, by the inflexible courage, the vehement candor, and the unshaken constancy with which he exposed and withstood the designs of the republican party certainly contributed to save his life. He overawed his enemies, and extorted the respect and admiration of the lower classes. His example serves to show, that in a season of public commotion, or of danger from the plots of faction, an individual may best consult his personal interests, by boldly asserting, and resolutely defending, the cause of justice and of truth.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO.

AMERICAN GALLANTRY.

UNDER this title we have occasionally selected such incidents, in our military annals, as from their minuteness, had escaped the view of the general Historian; but which were calculated to excite the high and honorable feelings of patriotism. The present war has again awakened the energies of the nation; and already produced examples of signal intrepidity among our countrymen. It is, however, on the navy of the United States, that our national pride, and our hopes of glory, at this moment repose. We have never been able to look without the highest satisfaction on that fearless profession; the nursery of generous courage, and of high-minded patriotism—

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to whose followers every form of danger is alike familiar and without terror.

Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress, appear
To sink the *Seamen* with unmanly fear ;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
No future ills, unknown, their souls appal
They know no danger, or they scorn it all.

But we have no language to convey our admiration of the young and gallant spirits, who, in the first essays of their strength, have triumphed over the veteran science and the disciplined valour, of the habitual conquerors on the ocean. They have retrieved all our disasters—they have shed new lustre on our arms, and sustained even in the midst of mortifying reverses, the loftiest tone of national enthusiasm. Their only anxiety has been to find the enemies of their country ; and, wherever they have met them, their valour has rendered victory certain, whilst their skill has made it easy.

Devoted, as is this journal, to all that can add honour or distinction to the national character, it has no fairer pages than those which record instances of bravery like the following, the account of which we have rendered scrupulously minute and authentic.

THE United States' sloop of war the *Wasp*, commanded by captain Jacob Jones, was cruising in long. 65 deg. W. and lat. 57 deg. N. the track of vessels passing from Bermuda to Halifax, when, on Saturday the 17th of October, about eleven o'clock, in a clear moonlight evening, she found herself near five strange sail, steering eastward. As some of them seemed to be ships of war, it was thought better to get farther from them. The *Wasp*, therefore hauled her wind, and having reached a few miles to windward, so as to escape or fight as the occasion might require, followed the strange sail through the night. At daybreak on Sunday morning, captain Jones found that

they were six large merchant ships, under convoy of a sloop of war, which proved to be the *Frolic*, captain Whinyates, from Honduras to England, with a convoy, strongly armed and manned, having all forty or fifty men, and two of them mounting sixteen guns each. He determined, however to attack them, and as there was a heavy swell of the sea, and the weather boisterous, got down his top-gallant yards, close-reefed the topsails, and prepared for action. About eleven o'clock, the *Frolic* showed colours and the *Wasp*, immediately, displayed the American ensign and pendant. At thirty-two minutes past eleven, the *Wasp* came down to windward, on her larboard side, within about sixty yards, and hailed. The enemy hauled down the Spanish colours, hoisted the British ensign, and opened a fire of cannon and musketry. This the *Wasp* instantly returned ; and, coming nearer to the enemy, the action became close and without intermission. In four or five minutes the maintopmast of the *Wasp* was shot away, and, falling down with the maintopsail yard across the larboard fore and foretopsail braces, rendered her head yards unmanageable during the rest of the action. In two or three minutes more her gaff and mizen-top-gallantsail were shot away. Still she continued a close and constant fire. The sea was so rough that the muzzles of the *Wasp's* guns were frequently in the water. The Americans, therefore, fired as the ship's side was going down, so that their shot went either on the enemy's deck or below it, while the English fired as the vessel rose, and thus her balls chiefly touched the rigging, or were thrown away. The *Wasp* now shot ahead of the *Frolic*, raked her, and then resumed her position on her larboard bow. Her fire was now obviously attended with such success, and that of the *Frolic* so slackened, that captain Jones did not wish to

board her, lest the roughness of the sea might endanger both vessels; but, in the course of a few minutes more, every brace of the Wasp was shot away, and her rigging so much torn to pieces, that he was afraid that his masts, being unsupported, would go by the board, and the Frolic be able to escape. He thought, therefore, the best chance of securing her was to board, and decide the contest at once. With this view he wore the ship, and, running down upon the enemy, the vessels struck each other, the Wasp's side rubbing along the Frolic's bow, so that her jibboom came in between the main and mizen rigging of the Wasp, directly over the heads of captain Jones and the first lieutenant, Mr. Biddle, who were at that moment standing together near the capstan. The Frolic lay so fair for raking, that they decided not to board until they had given a closing broadside. Whilst they were loading for this, so near were the two vessels, that the rammers of the Wasp were pushed against the Frolic's sides, and two of her guns went through the bow ports of the Frolic, and swept the whole length of her deck. At this moment Jack Lang,* a seaman of the Wasp, a gallant fellow, who had been once impressed by a British man of war, jumped on a gun with his cutlass, and was springing on board the Frolic: captain Jones, wishing to fire again before boarding, called him down; but his impetuosity could not be restrained, and he was already on the bowsprit of the Frolic; when seeing the ardour and enthusiasm of the Wasp's crew, lieutenant Biddle mounted on the hammock cloth to board. At this signal the crew followed; but lieutenant Bid-

dle's feet got entangled in the rigging of the enemy's bowsprit, and midshipman Baker, in his ardour to get on board, laying hold of his coat, he fell back on the Wasp's deck. He sprang up, and as the next swell of the sea brought the Frolic nearer, he got on her bowsprit, where Lang and another seaman were already. He passed them on the forecastle, and was surprized at seeing not a single man alive on the Frolic's deck, except the seaman at the wheel, and three officers. The deck was slippery with blood, and strewn with the bodies of the dead. As he went forward, the captain of the Frolic, with two other officers, who were standing on the quarter-deck, threw down their swords, and made an inclination of their bodies, denoting that they had surrendered. At this moment the colours were still flying, as probably none of the seamen of the Frolic would dare to go into the rigging for fear of the musketry of the Wasp. Lieutenant Biddle, therefore jumped into the rigging himself, and hauled down the British ensign, and possession was taken of the Frolic, in forty-five minutes after the first fire. She was in a shocking condition; the birth deck, particularly, was crowded with dead and wounded, and dying; there being but a small proportion of the Frolic's crew who had escaped. Captain Jones instantly sent on board his surgeon's mate, and all the blankets of the Frolic were brought from her slop-room for the comfort of the wounded. To increase this confusion, both the Frolic's masts soon fell, covering the dead and every thing on deck, and she lay a complete wreck.

It now appeared that the Frolic mounted sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, four twelve pounders on the main deck, and two twelve pound carronades. She was therefore, superior to the Wasp, by exactly four twelve pounders. The

* John Lang is a native of New Brunswick, in New Jersey. We mention, with great pleasure, the name of this brave American seaman, as a proof, that conspicuous valour is confined to no rank in the naval service.

number of men on board, as stated by the officers of the Frolic, was one hundred and ten—the number of seamen on board the Wasp, was one hundred and two; but it could not be ascertained, whether in this one hundred and ten, were included marines and officers; for the Wasp had, besides her one hundred and two men, officers and marines, making the whole crew about one hundred and thirty-five. What is, however, decisive, as to their comparative force is, that the officers of the Frolic acknowledged that they had as many men as they knew what to do with, and in fact, the Wasp could have spared fifteen men. There was, therefore, on the most favourable view, at least an equality of men, and an inequality of four guns. The disparity of loss was much greater. The exact number of killed and wounded on board the Frolic could not be precisely determined; but from the observations of our officers, and the declarations of those of the Frolic, the number could not be less than about thirty killed, including two officers, and of the wounded between forty and fifty; the captain and second lieutenant being of the number. The Wasp had five men killed, and five slightly wounded.

All hands were now employed in clearing the deck, burying the dead, and taking care of the wounded, when captain Jones sent orders to Lieutenant Biddle to proceed to Charleston, or any southern port of the United States; and, as there was a suspicious sail to windward, the Wasp would continue her cruise. The ships then parted. The suspicious sail was now coming down very fast. At first it was supposed that she was one of the convoy, who had all fled during the engagement, and who now came for the purpose of attacking the prize. The guns of the Frolic were, therefore, loaded, and the ship cleared for action; but the enemy, as she

advanced, proved to be a seventy-four—the Poitiers, captain Beresford. She fired a shot over the Frolic; passed her; overtook the Wasp, the disabled state of whose rigging prevented her from escaping; and then returned to the Frolic, who could, of course, make no resistance. The Wasp and Frolic were carried into Bermuda.

It is not the least praise due to captain Jones, that his account of this gallant action, is perfectly modest and unostentatious. On his own share in the capture, it is unnecessary to add any thing. "The courage and exertions of the officers and crew," he observes, "fully answer my expectations and wishes. Lieutenant Biddle's active conduct contributed much to our success, by the exact attention paid to every department, during the engagement, and the animating example he afforded the crew by his intrepidity. Lieutenant Rodgers and Booth, and Mr. Rapp, showed by the incessant fire from their divisions, that they were not to be surpassed in resolution or skill. Mr. Knight, and every other officer, acted with a courage and promptitude highly honourable. Lieutenant Claxton, who was confined by sickness, left his bed a little previous to the engagement; and, though too weak to be at his division, remained upon deck, and showed, by his composed manner of noting its incidents, that we had lost, by his illness, the services of a brave officer."

NEWHAVEN BLUE LAWS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE often heard of the Blue laws of New-England, but never had an opportunity of understanding precisely the meaning of the phrase, until the other day, in turning over the pages of Kendal's *Travels through America*, in 1807 and 1808, I found the following chapter. These strange prohibitions are long since obsolete, I under-

stand, in the northern states, but as curious specimens of our early legislation, they may be acceptable to your readers.

S.

THROUGH the kindness of a gentleman in Newhaven, an opportunity was afforded me of inspecting the manuscript records of the colony, including its ancient laws. My time, however, was short, and the manuscripts were long, so that I made little use of the advantage, and I am now indebted to a modern historian for the extracts that are subjoined. But this author gives us the sense and not the words, a mode of transcription very little satisfactory—a mode in the adoption of which a writer should rarely trust himself, and in which he is rarely to be trusted.

As to the substance of the specimens subjoined, a part will discover the little subordination to the mother country, acknowledged from the first, by the *dominion* of Newhaven; a part is distinguished by unnecessary rigour; a part by ignorance and injustice; a part is common to all the codes, ancient and modern, in Newengland; a part is unexceptionable; and only a small remainder is strictly characteristic of the particular persons from whom it came.

"No quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be afforded to a quaker, adamite, or other heretic.

"If any person turns quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, but upon pain of death.

"No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

"No one to cross a river, but with an authorised ferryman.

"No one shall run on the sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or else where, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook vi-
tuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the sabbath-day.

"No woman shall kiss her child on the sabbath or fasting-day.

"The sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

"To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbour's garden, shall be deemed theft.

"A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by his oath,

"When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

"No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

"A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

"Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes.

"No minister shall keep a school.

"Every ratable person, who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish, shall be fined by the court £2, and £4 every quarter, until he or she shall pay the rate to the minister.

"Men-stealers shall suffer death.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

"A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold, to make satisfaction.

"Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspect-

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ed of this crime shall be imprisoned, without benefit of bail.

"Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of 15.

"No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or saint-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and jews-harp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage: the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents.

"A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £ 10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

"A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

"No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £ 5 penalty for the first offence; £ 10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

"Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

"Of such sort were the laws made by the people of Newhaven, previous to their incorporation with Saybrook and Hartford colonies by the charter. They consist of a vast multitude, and were very properly termed *Blue laws*; i. e. *bloody laws*; for they were all sanctioned with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue, and death."

With respect to the epithet *blue*,

I believe the writer is mistaken, when he explains it by *bloody*; or, at least, that in whatever sense it was or is applied to the laws of Newhaven, its original import was no more than *Presbyterian* or *puritan*. It appears to have been so used in Scotland, where it originated.

SOME PARTICULARS OF VOLTAIRE.

Translated for the Port Folio.
From the Letters of Bioernstahl, professor at Upsal.

GENEVA, Oct. 10, 1770.

"On the third of this month I went to Ferney and had my name sent into Voltaire. I was told from him in answer that he was sick, but refreshments were ordered, particularly a certain kind of *capillaire* very much used here. I replied, that the society of Voltaire would be more agreeable than all the sweet things he could offer me. He took this liberty in good part, and sent his secretary, Mr. Vanniere to keep me company. I gave him my letter of recommendation from D'Alembert, and he carried it to Voltaire, who at length came himself and begged me to excuse him for having made me wait so long, "I had a fever" said he. In turn, I made my own apologies, and after a great many compliments had passed between us, he asked me if I wished to look at his garden. During the walk the conversation turned on all kinds of subjects; on Charles the 12th—the czar Peter—the Russian war—the queen of Sweden—"She honours me with her protection" said Voltaire, and from this circumstance I hastened to conclude that the inhabitants of Sweden had a sort of right to present themselves at his house, adding that few however had enjoyed that advantage, and that I was very grateful to D'Alembert who had introduced me to so great a man, "Ah! (said he) It is D'Alembert who is the great man, I am only a shadow." My

pupil, baron Rudbeck repeated some lines of the *Henriade*, which gave great pleasure to the illustrious old man, who said to him, "You will be a resource to your country." I praised the good taste which appeared in the garden and the chateau, and he said "it is my little retreat."

The conversation was long and varied; and so completely had he forgotten his fever, that he walked with us from two till three o'clock, when the air became rather keen, and I begged him to think of his health. We then returned to the house and he showed us his chamber, his cabinet and library. This last is composed of six or seven thousand volumes, among which we observed some, particularly on subjects of history and theology; of an almost inconceivable beauty. Mr. Voltaire did me the signal honour of writing his name on my Album, and on the same page with that of D'Alembert.* On taking leave I assured him that I never would forget so delightful a day, and added, "it depends on your bounty whether it shall be the only one. Deign to grant us the favour of making a second visit on our return from Italy." "*Very willingly,* (said he) "*but I will then be no more.*" The castle of Ferney was built in 1759, and with such despatch that although begun at Easter it was finished.—As we left it we went to see the houses which Voltaire had built for the malecontents from Geneva. They are fine large houses, and about forty in number. Over one of the doors I read, "Royal manufacture of

* A similar fact, or perhaps the same, is mentioned in the *Journal of Paris* of the 8th of September, 1778. "A learned German proposed to Voltaire to put in his Album, his own name and a device." Voltaire declined for some time, but at last took the Album, and seeing the name of D'Alembert, wrote Voltaire *Mic fuit D'Alemberti amicus.*—He was the friend of D'Alembert.

watches at Ferney," which were told occupied a hundred workmen. They were also building a very fine house for Mr. Vanniere, —but still Ferney is very far from deserving the name of a city. You will be desirous perhaps, of having a faithful portrait of Voltaire. Every body thinks him ugly. To me he appears sufficiently tall—of very slender make, very thin and very pale. He has a large forehead with a great many large wrinkles, large black eyes, large mouth, large nose, and a large chin. He has a satirical air. When he laughs he contracts his large mouth, and then he has not a bad countenance. In walking he bends a little, but takes large steps. His eyes are good and he never uses glasses, though he is now seventy-seven years old. I was quite astonished to see him write so light and fine a hand without spectacles. He reads and writes the whole day, and sometimes even the whole night. When he is lying in bed, and any idea occurs to him, he rings for his secretary, who sleeps in the library above his chamber, and who must come down at any hour.

Voltaire is very agreeable, excessively polite, and altogether a courtier; but if any thing comes into his head, he quits his company goes immediately to his chamber, from which he returns with a very gay countenance. He is not always however, as I was informed, of so pleasant a disposition.

He often plays at chess, particularly with father Adam, an ex-Jesuit whom he has taken to his house, and made superintendant of his domains. One day, Voltaire introduced him to some friends by saying, "This is father Adam, but he is not the first man in the world." Besides Ferney and the parish of the same name, Voltaire possesses near this place, another chateau called Tournay, on which depend some villages in the parishes of

Brigney and of Chambaissy. From all these estates he receives about ten thousand livres, which added to the income from his capital, must make his annual revenue about fifty thousand livres. [§ 10-000.]

FERNEY, Oct. 4, 1773.

After passing several days at Geneva, we went to Ferney. Voltaire, at first sent word that he was sick, a practice which he had for forty years past. But at last he admitted us. "I remember," said he, "having had the honour of seeing you last year, since then you have been in Italy, you have visited the catacombs, and seen a great many of the dead. You see me now, for I am dying at this moment." As he said this, he struck his forehead. Baron Rudbeck begged him to wait a little, at least till we were gone. I added, that he could not die, that his genius was immortal, that besides it was not last year, but three years ago that we were at Ferney, which proved that time did not pass heavily, with other expressions of the same sort.

He then spoke with a lively pleasure of the important revolution which had taken place in Sweden during our absence; and exclaimed with great emphasis, and in a loud tone, "Gustavus is adored through Europe." He repeated these words several times, and then went on, "when you arrive in Sweden, and see this great king, lay me at the feet of his majesty, and tell him that he is adored in Europe." On this occasion we became acquainted with the family of Voltaire, with Madame Denys a daughter of one of his sisters, and his heiress, with Mr. Durey de Morsan and father Adam.

Madame Denys is a widow without children, and now about sixty years of age, very lively and agreeable, mistress of music, plays well on the piano, and speaks Italian. She made a great many inquiries

about what we had seen in Italy; we had as many about her uncle, and she communicated a number of anecdotes of him.

Mr. Durey and the Abbe Adam, keep Voltaire company. They help him in reading large works and make extracts for him; they also translate books from languages less familiar to him. If he were not so well assisted, it would be impossible for him to write so many volumes; besides these he has his secretary Vanniere, a Swiss, who does nothing but make fair copies. Mr. Adam also understands Greek and Latin pretty well. He was a Jesuit at Dijon, and is therefore called father Adam. He came to Voltaire some time before the expulsion of the Jesuits, and has now lived at Ferney for nearly twelve years. He is a man of much talent and wit.

It is said that Voltaire is not afraid of death, and has already made his will with great courage. On the other hand, some assert that the idea of death alarms him, and that he talks so much of it merely to accustom himself to consider it. We found him very much deranged; his dark lively eyes are very deeply sunk, yet still he has strength enough to write poetry as easily as any one else could write prose. He dictates easily sixty verses without stopping.

He now observes a very strict regimen. He does not eat at noon. Between nine and ten at night he eats a little and slowly. About eleven or twelve he goes to bed, but sleeps scarcely four or five hours, though in general he is in bed sixteen and even eighteen hours of the twenty-four. During the day he sits in his bed and writes, and the same at night when he cannot sleep, which happens when an idea is fermenting in his head. In this sleepless state he has quite the appearance of a

corpse waiting for interment; and has never, indeed, a good look. Sometimes he gets up at six or eight o'clock in the morning.

An interesting account of the mode pursued by Fenelon, in educating the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV.

"THE Duke of Burgundy," says M. de St. Simon, "was, by nature, formidable, and in his earliest youth, gave cause for terror. He was unfeeling and irritable, to the last excess, even against inanimate objects. He was furiously impetuous, and incapable of enduring the least opposition, even of time and the elements, without bursting forth into such intemperate rage, that it was sometimes to be feared the very veins in his body would burst. *This excess, I have frequently witnessed.* His obstinacy was beyond all bounds; he was passionately addicted to every kind of pleasure; to the luxuries of the table; to the chase with extraordinary avidity; musick he delighted in with a sort of ecstacy; he was also fond of play, but he could not endure to be conquered; and they who played with him ran much risk. In short, he was the prey of every passion and the slave of every pleasure; he was often ferocious and naturally inclined to cruelty. In his raillery he was unfeeling, employing the force of ridicule with a precision which completely overwhelmed the object; inordinately proud, he looked upon men only as atoms with whom he had no sort of similarity whatever. Even the princes, his brothers, scarcely seemed, in his estimation, to form an intermediate link between himself and the rest of mankind, though it had always been studiously endeavored to educate all three of them with perfect equality. But the brilliancy of his mind and his penetration were at all times evident, and even in his moments of greatest vio-

lence. His replies created astonishment in all who heard them. His observations were never without justness, even in his most fierce anger; the most abstract branches of knowledge cost him little trouble to acquire; the extent and vigour of his mind were prodigious, and prevented him from steady and individual application."

Such was the prince who was confided to Fenelon. There was every thing to be feared from such a character, and every thing to be hoped from a soul possessing such energy. Let us hear once more, St. Simon.

"So much mind, and such power of mind, joined to so much sensibility, and to such passions; every quality, in fact, partaking of such ardour, must necessarily, have rendered his education no easy process. The duke de Beauvilliers, who was fully aware of its difficulties and its consequences, surpassed even himself in his application, his patience, and the variety of his remedies. Fenelon, Fleury, and the other persons connected with his education, were all brought into action; and they all with one accord, acted under the instructions of the duke, whose plan, were it minutely detailed, would furnish a curious and interesting work. The prodigy was, that in a very short time, grace and devotion transformed him into quite another man, and changed such fearful vices into perfectly opposite virtues. From that abyss issued a prince, who was affable, mild, humane, moderate, patient, modest, humble and austere towards himself; wholly occupied with his future obligations in life, which he felt to be great; and thinking only of uniting the duties of the son and the subject with those which he saw himself destined afterwards to fulfil."

But what incessant vigilance, what industry, what skill, what variety in the means adopted,

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and what delicacy of observation must have concurred to produce such an extraordinary alteration in the character of a child, of a prince, and of an heir to a throne! Nay, had not his tutors been the most virtuous of men; if their pupil, possessed as he was of such intellectual perspicacity, had discovered in them the smallest appearance of weakness or tergiversation, all their skill, all their care, and all their assiduity, would have been ineffectual. They were, in fact, less indebted for their success to their genius and their talents, than to their virtues and their dispositions.

Fenelon soon perceived that that part of the education which generally excited the greatest zeal in teachers, and the most self-love in parents, was what would give him the least trouble. He foresaw that his pupil, possessing from nature such rare gifts of mind, would make a rapid progress in every branch of knowledge; but the most difficult task would be to subdue that fiery soul which he possessed; to preserve all its noble and generous qualities, and to extirpate all its undue passions: to form, in fact, a new moral being; to form a prince, such as the genius of Fenelon had conceived, for the welfare of human nature. He wished, indeed, to realise upon the throne an ideal beauty of virtue, as the artists of antiquity endeavored to impress upon their works that ideal beauty, which gave to the human form a celestial appearance.

The child that was confided to the care of Fenelon was destined to reign; and Fenelon saw, in that child the whole of France awaiting its happiness or misery from the success or failure of his endeavours. To obtain this success he prescribed to himself no precise rule of action; he watched each moment, the dispositions of the young prince, and followed with a calm and patient attention, all the

variations of his intemperate nature, and always extracted the lesson from the fault itself.

Such an education consisted rather in action than in instruction. The pupil never could anticipate what was to be his lesson, because he could not anticipate what faults he might commit; and thus advice and censure became the necessary result of his own excesses.

They who wish to know the method which Fenelon adopted in educating his pupil, may read his *Fables and Dialogues*, which he wrote for him. Each of these fables, each of these dialogues, was composed at the moment when the preceptor judged it necessary to remind his pupil of some fault, which he had committed, and to inculcate at the same time, the necessity and the means of amendment.

These fables and dialogues have been printed, but without any attention to a consecutive series. Such an attention, indeed, was not necessary. Fenelon composed them without order; and yet it would be easy to ascertain their chronology (so to speak) by comparing them by the gradual progress which age and instruction must have produced in the education of the duke of Burgundy. It is immediately discernable that these fables and dialogues relate only to a prince, and to a prince destined to ascend the throne. Every thing in them is made to connect itself with this almost exclusive object. The precision, the simplicity, and the perspicuity of some of the fables (which were probably the first that were written) evince that they were addressed to a child whose mind should not be overburthened, and to whom such things only should be presented as could easily be apprehended. Others possess a more elevated character; and they contain allusions to history and mythology, according as the young prince be-

came better able to comprehend and apply them.

The fables which Fenelon wrote for the duke of Burgundy had, almost always, an allusion to some circumstance that had previously happened, and the impression of which, being yet fresh upon his mind, he could not mistake the application.—They formed a mirror in which he could not help beholding himself, and in which he sometimes appeared in a manner little gratifying to his self-love. But then, the tenderest wishes, the mildest hopes, were added to these humiliating pictures, lest the child should naturally imbibe, an aversion to a species of instruction which merely recalled to him painful recollections, or which contained severe reproaches. It was thus, with such delicate propriety, and with such imperceptible advances, that Fenelon gradually rendered his pupil susceptible of the first dictates of reason and of the first lessons of virtue.

But it was not in the power of Fenelon to subdue, all at once, so imperious a character. It too often resisted the paternal hand which sought to restrain its impetuosity.

When the young prince broke forth into those violent excesses of passion, which were so habitual to him, the governor, the preceptor, the sub-preceptor, the gentlemen in waiting, and all the servants in the house, concerted together to preserve towards him the most profound silence. They avoided answering any of his questions; they waited upon him with averted looks; or if they directed their eyes towards him, it was with an expression of fear, as if they dreaded to be in the company of a being who had degraded himself by bursts of rage which were incompatible with reason. They appeared to attend to him only from that kind of humiliating compassion which is shown towards persons

who are insane. They merely performed those offices about him which seemed to be simply necessary for the preservation of his miserable existence. They took from him all his books and all his means of instruction, as if they would be henceforth useless to him being reduced to such a deplorable state. They then left him to himself, to his own reflection, to his own regret, and to his own remorse. Struck with such an entire desertion, and the distressing solitude to which he was consigned, the penitent prince, convinced of his fault, was eager to fly, once more, to the indulgence and goodness of his preceptor. He threw himself at his feet, confessed his errors, and declared his firm resolution of avoiding them in future; and he watered with his tears the hands of Fenelon, who pressed him to his bosom with the tender affection of a father, compassionate, and always open to the repenting child.

In those violent contests between an impetuous disposition and a premature reason, the young prince seemed distrustful of himself, and he summoned honour in aid to his promises. The originals of two contracts of honour which he placed in the hands of Fenelon, are yet extant. They are as follow:—

“ I promise, on the faith of a prince, to M. the Abbe de Fenelon, to do immediately whatever he shall order me; and to obey him the moment he forbids me to do any thing. If I fail in this, I will consent to any kind of punishment and dishonour.” Done at Versailles, the 29th of November, 1689.

[Signed] LOUIS, who promises again, to keep his word better. This 20th of September, I entreat M. de Fenelon to take care of it.”

The prince, who subscribed to these engagements of honour, was only eight years old, and he already

dy felt the force of these magick words, *the faith of a prince, &c.*

Fenelon himself was not always secure from the exacerbations of his pupil. We have an account of the manner in which he conducted himself on a very delicate occasion.* The effect which he deduced from it was a lesson to the duke of Burgundy, which no time could efface from his heart and mind. The conduct of Fenelon in this affair may serve as a model to all those who have to exercise the same functions towards the children of princes, and noblemen.

Fenelon saw himself compelled to speak to his pupil with an authority, and even a severity, which the nature of his offence required, but the young prince replied: "No no, sir, I know who you are, and who I am." Fenelon answered not a word; he felt that the moment was not arrived, and that in the present disposition of his pupil, he would be unfit to listen to him. He appeared, therefore, to meditate in silence, and contented himself with showing how deeply he was hurt, by the seriousness and solemnity of his deportment.

On the following morning, the duke of Burgundy was hardly awake when Fenelon entered his room. He would not wait until the usual hour of meeting, in order that every thing he had to say to him might appear more marked, and strike, more powerfully, the imagination of the young prince. Fenelon addressed him with a cold and respectful seriousness, very different from his usual manner.

"I know not sir," said he to him, "whether you recollect what you said to me yesterday, that you knew who you were and who I am. It is my duty to inform you, that you are ignorant of both one and the other. You fancy, sir, I sup-

pose, that you are greater than I am; some servants, no doubt, have told you so; but I, I do not fear to tell you, since you force me to it, that I am greater than you are. You will easily understand that I do not mean to speak of superiority of birth. You would regard that man as mad, who should aspire to any merit because the rains of heaven had fertilized his field, and had not watered his neighbour's. But you, yourself would not be much wiser, if you sought to derive any importance from your birth, which can add nothing to your personal merit. You cannot doubt that I am far above you in knowledge and in mind. You know nothing but what I have taught you; and what I have taught you is nothing compared to what I could have taught you. As to authority, you have none over me, but, on the contrary, I have an unbounded authority over you. This, you have often been told by the king, and the prince, your father. You think, perhaps, that I account myself happy, in being appointed to educate you; but undeceive yourself, sir; I undertake the office, only in obedience to the king's commands, and to please your father; not for the laborious advantage of being your preceptor; and, in order to convince you of this, I am now come to conduct you to his majesty, and to beg of him to appoint you another tutor, whose endeavours, I hope, will be more successful than mine have been."

The duke of Burgundy, whom, a whole night, passed in painful reflections and self-reproach, added to the cold and formal deportment of Fenelon, had overwhelmed with grief, was astonished at this declaration. He loved Fenelon with all the tenderness of a son; and besides, his own self-love, and a delicate deference towards publick opinion, made him immediately anticipate what would be

* See Life of the Dauphin, father of Louis XV. by the abbe Proyart.

thought of him, if a preceptor, of Fenelon's merit, should be forced to renounce his education. He burst into tears, while his sighs, his shame scarcely permitted him to utter these words: "Oh! sir; I am sincerely sorry for what passed yesterday; if you speak to the king I shall lose his friendship; . . . if you desert me what will be tho't of me? I promise, . . . I promise you, that you shall be content with me; . . . but promise me . . ."

Fenelon would promise nothing. He left him the whole day in a state of anxiety and uncertainty. It was not until he was well convinced of the sincerity of his repentance, that he appeared to yield to fresh supplications and to the entreaties of Madame de Maintenon, whom he had persuaded to interfere in the business, in order to confer upon it more effect and solemnity. It was thus, by continual observation, patience and care, that Fenelon was gradually enabled to subdue the violent dispositions of his pupil, and to calm his intemperate passions. To this important object both he, and M. de Beauvilliers directed all their efforts, and they were amply rewarded by their success.

The literary education of the duke of Burgundy caused but little trouble. The precocity of his intellect, and the brilliancy of his imagination, gave him an aptitude for acquiring whatever it was wished he should acquire. In looking over the papers which have passed into my hands, I could not behold without emotion, all the different fragments in the hand writing of Fenelon, and of the duke of Burgundy, and which formed the first endeavors towards his literary instruction.

At that time there were few elementary books of education, if we except some that had been produced by the Messieurs de Port-Royal, and Fenelon did not consider it as derogatory to his genius or to

his situation, as preceptor, to draw up, with his own hands, such introductory works as were necessary. He even compiled a sort of dictionary of the Latin language, which exhibited the definitions of each word, and the degree of affinity which they had to the French word that was to be translated. And this dictionary he composed under the eyes of his pupil, and during the time of the lesson. This mutual labour served to excite the attention. Sometimes, Fenelon pretended to seek for a word which he knew was not yet effaced from the memory of the pupil, and the pupil triumphed in the idea of being able to suggest, to his master, a more accurate or more felicitous expression.

Fenelon, however, never forgot that this pupil was the heir to a throne. Hence, he always contrived to take his themes and versions from mythology, which he considered as a pleasing embellishment of the mind, or from some events of modern or ancient history, which he judiciously turned to his moral instruction. He particularly endeavoured to mingle with them the most remarkable facts of natural history. He thus fixed deeply in the heart of the young prince, those important truths of religion, which can, alone, repress the pride of kings, and interpose a check upon the abuse of absolute power; and thus, while he appeared to be instructing him in merely human science, he familiarized him, in fact, with that knowledge which is intimately combined with religion and publick morals.

After having given to his pupil, models of composition, he excited him to elicit subjects of the same kind from his own imagination, and to discuss them, with such materials only, as could be within his power from the natural progress of years and instruction. Many of these attempts are yet extant, and they display more connexion of

ideas, than would be supposed to belong to a child of his age. Some of them are fables, and others themes and versions.

It must not be supposed, however, that the vanity of self-love induced the preceptors of the duke of Burgundy to exact from him performances which were beyond his age and power to produce; nor did they wish to make his education remarkable for a premature degree of success which would exalt their own skill and labour. Fenelon himself relates (after the death of the young prince*) "that he was always careful to make him relinquish his studies whenever he showed any inclination for discourse, or when he could acquire useful knowledge, and this often happened. There was still time enough for study, for he was naturally inclined to it; but his preceptor had also to give him a taste for rational conversation that he might become sociable and to accustom him to contemplate and to know mankind as they appeared in society. In these conversations his mind continued to make a perceptible progress upon questions of literature and politicks, and even of metaphysics. All the evidences of religion were also made to form a part, by a natural and easy transition. His character was meliorated by these conversations; he became tranquil, affable, gay, and interesting. Every one was delighted with him. He had no haughtiness, and he was more entertained than with his own childish amusements, for during them he was often angry without a cause."

It was during the pleasing familiarity of these conversations, that he used sometimes to say: "I have left the duke of Burgundy behind the door, and now I am only little Louis with you." These were remarkable words in the mouth of a

child only nine years of age; they showed how sensible he was of the rank to which he was born, even at the very moment when he wished it to be forgotten.

"He has frequently said to us," adds Fenelon, "that he should never forget the delight which he felt in being permitted to study without constraint. He has often desired to be read to during his meals, such was his fondness for whatever he needed to learn. I never knew a child who understood with such celerity, and with so much propriety, the most refined parts of poetry and eloquence. He conceived, without any difficulty, the most abstract principles. Whenever he saw me doing any thing for him, he always began to do the same, and continued at it without being bidden so to do."

This young prince entered with such enthusiasm, into the situations and feelings of those persons with whom he became acquainted in the course of his reading, that Fenelon delighted to recall, after the death of his pupil, the first emotions that had agitated his youthful bosom. "I have seen," says he, in his letter to the French Academy, "I have seen a young prince of eight years old, filled with terror, as he contemplated the danger of Joas; I have seen him angry because the high priests concealed from him his name and his birth; I have seen him weep bitterly as he heard these lines:—

Ah? miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente
vocabat,
Eurydicen tote referebant flumine ripæ.

When we consider the premature intellectual powers of the duke of Burgundy, we shall not be surprised to learn, that in his tenth year he was able to write, elegantly, in Latin, to translate the most difficult authors with a precision and with a felicity of style, which astonished every one; that he could

* Letters to Pere Martineau, by Fenelon, 1713.

explain Horace, Virgil, and the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; and feel all the beauties of Cicero's Orations. At eleven years, he had read the whole of Livy; he had translated the Commentaries of Caesar and began a translation of Tacitus, which he afterwards finished, but which was subsequently lost.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

The following original letter has never we believe been till now before the public. It will be remembered, that during the year 1780, General Washington finding his army crumbling to pieces, and the fate of this country jeopardized by the defective arrangements for the public service, addressed a detailed and luminous report to Congress, stating the inconveniences under which the Army laboured, and the remedies which alone could in his estimation retrieve its reputation. His representations could not fail to be effectual, and he was accordingly directed to communicate with the Executive of the several States, urging the necessity of some immediate radical change in the mode of enlistment. The following circular was received on that subject by the Governor of Pennsylvania. If every thing from the pen of Gen. Washington did not carry with it a paramount authority, our own subsequent experience, and above all the present situation of the military establishment of our country, should stamp an additional value on the deliberate opinions of one who so often conducted the soldiers of America to victory.

(CIRCULAR.)

*Head-Quarters, near Passaic, }
Oct. 18, 1780. }*

SIR,

IN obedience to the orders of Congress, I have the honour to transmit to your excellency the present state of the troops of your

line; by which you will perceive how few men you will have left after the first day of January next. When I inform you also that the troops of the other lines will be in general as much reduced as your's, you will be able to judge how exceedingly weak the army will be at that period, and how essential it is the states should make the utmost exertions to replace the discharged men as early as possible.

Congress are now preparing a plan for a new establishment of their army, which when finished they will transmit to the several states with their requisitions for their respective quotas. I have no doubt it will be a primary object with them to have the levies for the war; and this appears to me a point so interesting to our independence, that I cannot forbear entering into the motives which ought to determine the states without hesitation or alternative to take their measures decisively for that object.

I am religiously persuaded that the duration of the war, and the greatest part of the misfortunes and perplexities we have hitherto experienced, are chiefly to be attributed to the system of temporary enlistments. Had we in the commencement raised an army for the war; such as was within the reach of the abilities of these states to raise and maintain, we should not have suffered those military checks which have so frequently shaken our cause, nor should we have incurred such enormous expenditures as have destroyed our paper currency, and with it all publick credit. A moderate compact force on a permanent establishment capable of acquiring the discipline essential to military operations would have been able to make head against the enemy, without comparison, better than the throngs of militia which at certain periods have been (not in the field, but) in their way to

and from the field; for from that want of perseverance which characterises all militia, and of that coercion which cannot be exercised upon them, it has always been found impracticable to detain the greater part of them in the service, even during the term, for which they have been called out; and this has been commonly so short, that we have had a great proportion of the time two sets of men to feed and pay, one coming to the army and the other going from it. From this circumstance and from the extraordinary waste and consumption of provisions, stores, camp equipage, arms, clothes, and every article incident to irregular troops, it is easy to conceive what an immense increase of public expence has been produced from the source of which I am speaking. I might add the diminution of agriculture by calling off, at critical seasons, the labourers employed in it, as has happened in instances without number.

In the enumeration of articles wasted, I mention clothes. It may be objected that the terms of engagement of the levies do not include this; but if we want service from the men, particularly in the cold season, we are obliged to supply them notwithstanding, and they leave us before the clothes are half worn out.

But there are evils still more striking that have befallen us. The intervals between the dismissal of one army and the collection of another have more than once threatened us with ruin, which humanly speaking nothing but the supineness or folly of the enemy could have saved us from. How did our cause totter at the close of '76 when with a little more than two thousand men we were driven before the enemy through Jersey and obliged to take post on the other side of the Delaware, to make a show of covering Philadelphia while in reality nothing was more

easy to them, with a little enterprise and industry, than to make their passage good to that city, and dissipate the remaining force which still kept alive our expiring opposition. What hindered them from dispersing our little army, and giving a fatal blow to our affairs during all the subsequent winter, instead of remaining in a state of torpid inactivity, and permitting us to hover about their quarters, when we had scarcely troops sufficient to mount the ordinary guards?—After having lost two battles and Philadelphia in the following campaign, for want of those numbers and that degree of discipline, which we might have acquired by a permanent force in the first instance, in what a cruel and perilous situation did we again find ourselves in the winter of '77, at the Valleyforge within a day's march of the enemy, with a little more than a third of their strength unable to defend one position, or retreat from it for want of the means of transportation? What but the fluctuation of our army enabled the enemy to detach so boldly to the southward in '78 and '79, to take possession of two states, Georgia and South-Carolina, while we were obliged here to be idle spectators of their weakness, set at defiance by a garrison of six thousand regular troops accessible every where by a bridge which nature had formed, but of which we were unable to take advantage from still greater weakness, apprehensive even for our own safety? How did the same garrison, insult the main army of these states the ensuing spring and threaten the destruction of our baggage and stores—saved by a good countenance more than by an ability to defend them? And what will be our situation this winter, our army by the first of January diminished to little more than a sufficient garrison for West Point, the enemy at full liberty to ravage

the country whenever they please, and leaving a handful of men at New-York to undertake expeditions for the reduction of other states which for want of adequate means of defence, will, it is much to be dreaded, add to the number of their conquests and to the examples of our want of energy and wisdom?

The loss of Canada to the Union, and the fate of the brave Montgomery, compelled to a rash attempt by the immediate prospect of being left without troops, might be enumerated in the catalogue of evils that have sprung from this source.

We not only incur these dangers and suffer these losses, for want of a constant force, equal to our exigencies; but while we labour under this impediment, it is impossible there can be any order, economy, or system in our finances. If we meet with any severe blow, the great exertions which the moment requires to stop the progress of the misfortune oblige us to depart from general principles, to run into any expence, or to adopt any expedient however injurious, on a large scale to procure the force and means which the present exigency demands. Every thing is thrown into confusion, and the measures taken to remedy immediate evils, perpetuate others. The same is the case if particular conjunctures invite to offensive operations—we find ourselves unprepared, without troops, without magazines, and with little time to provide them. We are obliged to force our resources by the most burthensome methods to answer the end, and after all, it is but half answered. The design is announced by the occasional effort, and the enemy have it in their power to counteract or elude the blow. The prices of every thing, men, provisions, &c. are raised to a height to which the revenues of no government, much less ours, would suffice. It is impossible that people can en-

dure the excessive burthen of bounties for annual drafts and substitutes increasing at every new experiment. Whatever it might cost them once for all to procure men for the war would be a cheap bargain.

I am convinced the system of temporary enlistments has prolonged the war, and encouraged the enemy to persevere. Baffled while we had an army in the field, they have been constantly looking forward to the period of its reduction, as the period to an opposition and the season of their successes. —They have flattered themselves with more than the event has justified; for they believed when one army expired we should not be able to raise another; undeceived, however, in this expectation by experience, they still remain convinced—and to me evidently on good grounds, that we must ultimately sink under a system which increases our expence beyond calculation, enfeebles all our measures, affords the most inviting opportunities to the enemy, and wearies and disgusts the people. This has doubtless great influence in preventing their coming to terms, and will continue to operate in the same way. The debates on the ministerial side have frequently manifested the operation of this motive; and it must in the nature of things have had great weight.

The interposition of neutral powers may lead to a negotiation this winter. Nothing will tend so much to make the court of London reasonable as the prospect of a permanent army in this country, and a spirit of exertion to support it.

It is time we should get rid of an error which the experience of all mankind has exploded, and which our own experience has dearly taught us to reject:—The carrying on a war with militia or (which is nearly the same thing) temporary levies, against a regular, permanent, and disciplined force. The

idea is chimerical, and that we have so long persisted in it is a reflection on the judgment of a nation so enlightened as we are, as well as a strong proof of the empire of prejudice over reason. If we continue in the infatuation we shall deserve to lose the object we are contending for.

America has been almost amused out of her liberties. We have frequently heard the behaviour of the militia extolled, upon several occasions, by men who judge only from the surface, by men who had particular views in misrepresenting; by visionary men, whose credulity easily swallows every vague story, in support of a favourite hypothesis. I solemnly declare I never was witness to a single instance that can countenance an opinion of militia or raw troops being fit for the real business of fighting. I have found them useful as light parties to skirmish in the woods, but incapable of making or sustaining a serious attack. This firmness is only acquired by habits of discipline and service. I mean not to detract from the merit of militia—their zeal and spirit upon a variety of occasions have entitled them to the highest applause; but it is of the greatest importance we should learn to estimate them rightly. We may expect every thing from ours that militia is capable of; but we must not expect from any services for which regulars alone are fit.

The late battle of Camden is a melancholy comment upon this doctrine. The militia fled at the first fire, and left the continental troops surrounded on every side and overpowered by numbers to combat by safety instead of victory. The enemy themselves have witnessed to their valour.

An ill effect of short enlistments which I have not yet taken notice of is, that the constant fluctuation of their men is one of the sources of disgust to the officers. Just

when by great trouble, fatigue and vexation (with which the training of recruits is attended) they have brought their men to some kind of order—they have the mortification to see them go home, and to know that the drudgery is to recommence the next campaign.—In regiments so constituted, an officer has neither satisfaction nor credit in his command.

Every motive which can arise from the consideration of our circumstances, either in a domestic or foreign point of view, calls upon us to abandon temporary expedients, and substitute something durable, systematic and substantial. This applies as well to our civil administration as to our military establishment. It is as necessary to give congress, the common head, sufficient power to direct the common force as to raise an army for the war—but I should go out of my province to expatiate on civil affairs—I cannot forbear adding a few more remarks.

Our finances are in an alarming state of derangement. Public credit is almost arrived at its last stages. The people begin to be dissatisfied with the feeble mode of conducting the war, and with the ineffectual burthens imposed upon them, which, though light in comparison with what other nations feel, are from their novelty heavy to them, they lose their confidence in government apace.—The army is not only dwindling into nothing, but the discontents of the officers as well as of the men have matured to a degree that threatens too general a renunciation of the service at the end of the campaign. Since January last we have had registered at head quarters more than ———— resignations, besides a number of others that never were regularly reported. I speak of the army in this quarter. We have frequently in the course of the campaign experienced an extremity of want. Our officers

are indecently defective in clothing. Our men are almost naked, totally unprepared for the inclemency of the approaching season. We have no magazines for the winter. The mode of procuring our supplies is precarious, and all the reports of officers employed in collecting them are gloomy.

These circumstances conspire to show the necessity of immediately adopting a plan that will give more energy to government—more vigour and more satisfaction to the army—without it we have every thing to fear. I am persuaded of the sufficiency of our resources, if properly directed.

Should the requisitions of congress by any accident not arrive, before the Legislature is about to rise, I beg to recommend that a plan be devised which is likely to be effectual, for raising the men that will be required for the war, leaving it to the executive to apply the quota which Congress will fix. I flatter myself, however, the requisitions will arrive in time.

The present crisis of our affairs appears to me so serious as to call upon me, as a good citizen, to give my sentiments freely for the safety of the republic.—I hope the motive will excuse the liberty I have taken.

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem, your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. The foregoing is a circular to the several states. The observation I make in the first paragraph respecting the comparative strength of the troops would mislead, if applied to your line; for you have a much larger proportion of troops for the war than most of the other states. The men belonging to Pennsylvania in Hazon's regiment is not included in the return I send you; because I believe it will be the intention of congress to

keep the regiment up upon a distinct establishment.

G. W.

His Excellency
GOVERNOR REED.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.
The Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte; including his Private Life, Character, Domestic Administration, &c. &c. &c. With two Appendices, by Lewis Goldsmith, Notary Publick, 8vo. pp. 640. Price 16s. London. 1810.—To be republished by I. Riley, New-York.

WHENEVER political sentiments, diametrically opposite to each other, are maintained by considerable numbers of persons, and the publick mind is in a state of suspence, or vacillation, nothing can be more acceptable than the testimony of a witness, qualified to speak from his own knowledge, on facts that have been deemed questionable, or doubtful. No evidence can be so convincing, as the deposition of one who was himself a participator in what he narrates. If he be a man of veracity, a man to whose affirmation credit may be given; what he declares must and will have its weight with the judicious and impartial. Waving all investigation of his motives, and placing due, but not undue confidence in his opinions, if he be a man of honour and honesty, of sound mind and sedate judgment, his statement of facts, as he saw them, and his opinions of persons, as he found them by experience, may claim, and will justify our attention.

Mr. Goldsmith professes to speak from observation. He also relates incidents which were communicated to him in confidence, by publick persons who were deeply inculpated in them; and he describes himself as having maintained an intimacy, for a considerable time, with statesmen who possessed the best means of knowing the real motives

for many proceedings of the French government ; events which have distressed and terrified the nations of Europe. It cannot be denied, that from the nature of the stations he has filled in France, Mr. Goldsmith was likely to associate with those persons whose characters he describes. He could scarcely avoid contracting an intimacy with them ; and they, though guarded and secret on some points, yet, on others, might diminish or dismiss their reserve. He was, when in England, one of the *dissatisfied* with the British government. In search of a theoretical superiority, if not absolute perfection, he settled in France : and he found, as all will find who take French professions *literally*, that the boasted liberty of that blissful paradise was little other than the terror of the house of bondage ; a *département* at least of purgatory, if not absolutely an *arrondissement* of hell. Mr. G. was formerly a reformer ; he now professes to be reformed himself. He has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears. He has been deluded and abused, by the governors of the great nation ; and he proposes to make the *amende honorable* to his country, by endeavouring to undeceive such of his countrymen, as have been, or may be misled by fascinations similar to those from which he is happily delivered. Whether his publication will obtain like salutary influence over those infected with the *mania* of admiration for the character of the emperor and king, we dare not venture to affirm ; we know the obstinacy of some, and the imbecility of others. In addition, Mr. G. assures us, that *he knows* the distribution of French gold, in support of French principles, and is aware of its effect among our population.

This author was the original editor, appointed by the French government, to conduct *The Argus*, a

famous English newspaper, printed in Paris. That he should imagine he might be allowed to preserve either liberty or liberality of sentiment, in his editorial office, is proof enough to us that he was completely ignorant of the persons who protected him, and of the purposes his labours were destined to subserve. We wonder at this, from so much of his previous history, as has come to our knowledge ; and nothing less than his distinct affirmation of the fact, is necessary to establish it. Mr. G. however, being installed in this office, it naturally led to intercourse with the minister ; and, he affirms, that not a day passed in fifteen months, in which he was not in company with M. Talleyrand. Disgusted at the offensive nature of the paragraphs he was forced to insert, he abandoned this undertaking, and acted as agent in law proceedings. This also became a source of intelligence, and he was hereby enabled to obtain those official proofs of the despotism prevalent in France, of which he adduced many instances in a publication lately under our review. We may be allowed to add, that in various instances of Gallick profligacy, stated by our author, we can vouch, from our own knowledge, for his general correctness. He mentions very truly, many names of persons not publicly known ; and he describes places and things with an accuracy, which, in our opinion justifies a confidence in his affirmations respecting others, on which we have not equal means of tracing him.

The opinion of the Panorama, on the causes and consequences of the French revolution, needs no repetition. The oppressions attendant on that convulsion, were of a nature to appear incredible, as they were utterly inconceivable to those who had not witnessed them ; and we can almost forgive the incredulous

lity of our countrymen,* who deny the possibility of their perpetration. May they never be convinced by the horrors of experience ! This is all the notice we shall take of the earlier divisions of Mr. Goldsmith's volume, which contains anecdotes of the constituent and legislative assemblies, of the convention, and the directory. Then follow similar communications on the life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and his government ; these introduce his conduct to foreign powers, particularly to Great Britain, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sweden ; his preparations for invading England ; his wars on the continent, &c. The two appendices contain, the first, publick papers ; the second, characters of the imperial court, and its grandees. Private scandal is not to our purpose ; we prefer to direct attention to such articles as more immediately concern our country ; or have excited, or still excite, a lively interest among our countrymen. Remarks, at large, from us (though we could make many additions) would be altogether superfluous to our readers.

Britons, being themselves incapable of practising those arts of seduction, which are the most dangerous weapons in the hands of our enemy, are, with difficulty, con-

* Who, for instance, will believe that count Buffon's descendant was guillotined by Robespierre in 1793, expressly because he was the son of that great naturalist ? Yet that was the fact. "Citizens! remember my name is BUFFON!" were his last words.—Had Robespierre reigned three months longer, scarcely a publick literary character would have been left in France.—Again, who can credit that THIRTY-FOUR newspapers were suppressed by the Directory in one day, and that not only the editors and proprietors, but that the journeymen printers, also, were transported to Cayenne, and all their presses destroyed ? At one period there were near one hundred printing presses in safe custody in one building at Paris, supposed to be brought from the provinces, as well as seized in the metropolis.

vinced of the true engines by which they themselves are moved. When the ruling philosophers sent their propagandists in swarms to London, very few, indeed, of our sober citizens, so much as suspected that they kept company with agents in French pay. When they assembled by knots of half dozens at the corners of the streets, or in publick houses, the honest, misled auditors never detected the spy in the speechifier. Yet it is notorious, that such means were taken to enlighten the publick, and to promote reform. They have been resorted to since, though not so extensively. "I know from authority," says Mr. Goldsmith, "that no less than five hundred military emissaries were sent to this country and to Ireland, independently of many secret agents." He further asserts, that

"The mission to this country of colonel Beauvoisin, was of a more serious nature than any. He was sent here to engage persons to assassinate his majesty ; and to organize a plan for the destruction of our naval arsenals at Portsmouth and Plymouth. He was also sent to "*Surveiller*" the Comte D'Artois, who then resided at Edinburgh.

"That colonel Beauvoisin had frequent conferences with Despard, I am convinced ; he told it to Talien in my presence. And that Despard was urged to commit the crime of regicide by Buonaparte, in times of profound peace, will never be doubted, after some facts which I can communicate on that subject.

"About three months before Despard was apprehended, I was sitting in a coffee room with two English gentlemen, one of whom is now in London, and at any time ready to confirm this statement ; the other is still in France, and, therefore, I cannot refer to him ; a Frenchman came up and told me in the presence of those two gen-

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men, 'that the French government had laid a plan to have the king of England assassinated, and that he was to be shot in the dark!'

Can we now wonder at the complained of severity in the sentence executed on Despard? for, certainly, our government knew his instigators and their connexions, by the same means as they procured original papers, from Paris, containing correspondence of disaffected jacobins, British and Irish.

The reasons of state for sending away Chauvelin, the French ambassador, very much to the regret of the liberty-boys, have been guessed at by only a few. The following proof of stage effect, produced by French money, may be included among those reasons.

'A work appeared in this country some time ago, entitled, *The Memoirs of Talleyrand*, in which the author says, 'that the French government paid the expences of the English deputies, who were sent from this country to France, in 1792, to congratulate the convention on the abolition of royalty and also for the 6,000 pairs of shoes which were sent from this country to the *brave sans-culottes* of the French army.'

'Talleyrand who was the agent and who paid the money for this farce, has assured me that this statement is true.——'

'But not content with these political agents, he sent persons over here to entice mechanicks to go to France. A great many went. They have met with the punishment due to them, though not merited from those who inflicted it; for, when the war broke out, they were all of them made prisoners of war, and sent to Verden.

'But the great measure of Buonaparte was to effect a rebellion in Ireland. General Russell was employed on this occasion, and Mr. Emmett, brother of the barrister. I know that the latter denied this at his trial; but I know

also that Russell, Emmett, and a Mr. H—I—n, a nephew of the former, were paid by France. A person of the name of L——, was employed as the travelling agent.'

Mr. Goldsmith mentions several names as implicated in this plot; such as the notorious Arthur O'Connor, Napper Tandy, Dr. Watson, and others.

Buonaparte was justified in saying that he 'had more friends in England than was known or suspected.'* Nevertheless, we believe that his party was but weak, and would not have proved efficacious in the moment of necessity. The delusion soon wore off from the publick; and the enthusiasm of animated concurrence in 'the sacred duty of insurrection,' was felt only by those into whose hands *weighty arguments* had been committed. We incline to think that Buonaparte was aware of this fact; and that as his preparations for invading England advanced, to his vexation, that the pulse of the British nation beat high to meet him. The particulars of his plan for the conquest of this little island, deserve to be recorded; and especially, if there be any man who has not duly appreciated the Heaven-directed, the protecting battle of Trafalgar, for him, more peculiarly, we insert Mr. G's account of the scheme and expectations of Buonaparte on that occasion.

'One of Buonaparte's great advantages is, that there are a great number of unfortunate men in France, who, having been obliged to quit their country on account of their political opinions, are harnessed to the car of that universal usurper. It is from a person of this description, a native of this country, that I am enabled to give the following statement of what passed in the camp at Boulogne, just before its object was changed from England to Germany.

* In a conversation with count Markoff.

"There can be no doubt but that Buonaparte never intended the invasion of England, without having a large fleet of men of war to cover his flotilla. This fleet was daily expected about May or June, 1805. It was that commanded by Villeneuve, and which was sent on purpose to the West Indies, with no other object in view, than to induce our fleets to go after them.

"That fleet was to return to Brest, where there were *twenty-five* sail of the line. It has been well ascertained, that the combined squadrons of France and Spain, under the admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, would have amounted to *forty-six* sail of the line, exclusively of the Brest fleet, thus making, together, *seventy* sail of the line, besides a Dutch fleet at the Texel, of *eight* sail of the line, and two fifty gun ships.

"At this period, already, negotiations had commenced with Denmark, for the surrender of her fleet to France, which was to have gone to Cuxhaven, from whence Bernadotte's army, then in Hanover, would have been embarked in it.

"However, the combined fleets of France and Spain did not arrive in Europe, until a month after Buonaparte had received the intelligence from Russia, respecting the triple alliance; and his squadron was defeated by admiral Calder.

"I am persuaded, that from that moment, which was in July 1805, he had not the remotest idea of making the boasted descent.

"The news of admiral Calder having met with, and defeated the combined squadrons, reached him when he was still at Paris; and before he went to Boulogne, *pour faire la descente!* His rage against Villeneuve* may be conceived; but

*Admiral Villeneuve, when he returned to France from this country, was assassinated, by order of Buonaparte, at *Merlaix*. Four Mamelukes, dressed like

it is difficult to be expressed.—

The orders given to the admiral had been, that he should return to Europe in May. Had this taken place, and had Buonaparte been able to collect his fleet in the straits of Dover; he certainly would have attempted the invasion.

"The naval officers at Boulogne, always declared it to be almost impossible to reach the English shores; for, it would have required four days for all the vessels there to work out of the harbour, and to form a line; which would have been fifty miles; extending from Etaples to Calais.

"During that time, our different squadrons would have joined; the army on the English shore would have been prepared; and there can be no doubt, but that if the fleet and flotilla had sailed from the different points, more than half would have been destroyed on that element, which has always proved favourable to the arms of Britain.

"The army and flotilla, were, nevertheless, very formidable.—The former was upwards of 200,000 strong, and was to be disposed of as follows. There were to embark at Boulogne, 100,000 men; at Calais, 10,000; at Etaples, 20,000; at Ambleteuse, 20,000; about 50,000 men were to be left in and about Boulogne, as a *corps de reserve*; but a stronger *corps de reserve*, of more than 150,000 men, was posted *en echelon* all the way back to Metz, which, no doubt, was intended more as an advanced guard against Austria.

gens d'armes, were sent to that place.—The admiral had dined with the prefect, and went home to dress to go the play.—When he entered his apartment, these four assassins rushed upon him, and strangled him. A report was industriously circulated, that Villeneuve destroyed himself from dread of the vengeance, which he was informed had been expressed against him by the tyrant. This is void of all probability, as he could depend on protection from madame Joseph Buonaparte, who was his first cousin.

"The flotilla consisted of about 3,000 vessels, of three different descriptions. The three first were the *praames*: of these there were only 40; they had each three masts, and lay very low on the water; they carried six thirty-six pounders on each side, besides one in the bow and stern. About 100 men could go in each of these *praames*.

"Of the second description were the *canoniers*, likewise of three masts, with decks; but not of the same formidable size as the *praames*; they carried six six-pounders each side; they could carry about eighty men each; of this description of boats, the amount was 1500.

"The remainder was the *bateaux plats*, which could contain about 60 men each; they had, of course, no deck, and only four small swivels on each side.

"There were, besides, a great many Dutch hoys, smacks, and skuits, to convey cavalry, forage, & stores. The general opinion at Boulogne was that the *catamarans* would have done a great deal of mischief, if ever the mad tyrant had sent his cockle shells out to sea.

"There were also 30,000 men in the Texel, under the command of general Marmont; and the Irish legion, consisting of about 4,000 renegados, thieves, and vagabonds, from all nations, were to be embarked at Brest, with 10,000 French troops, under the command of general Augereau. The Irish officers felt hurt at being placed in such a disagreeable situation, as to be obliged to conduct, into their own country, such a motley band.

"There was also attached to the army at Boulogne, a corps of guides, to act as military interpreters.

"*Buonaparte* was furnished with the names of all our officers in the army and militia, which he obtained from a Scotchman, whom he

sent to this country in 1804; and who was then, and is now, a general of division in the French army.

"It may be depended upon, that Buonaparte is as well acquainted with our coast, and with every creek and rivulet, as if he had been a Kent smuggler all his life.

"Men of every description, conversant in English affairs, or who could speak English, were ordered to Boulogne, to assist him in his farce.

"A great number of *savans*, men of letters, &c. were ordered also to proceed to Boulogne.

"An English printing press, with the stamps [types] were also attached to this expedition.

"Those who were not in Buonaparte's secret, were so confident of success, that several persons went down to Boulogne, for the purpose of passing with the army, to establish banking and commercial houses in London; and the French government encouraged them in these ideas.

"That an active correspondence was kept up from the camp at Boulogne with persons in England, cannot be denied. Boats, with letters and parcels, were constantly arriving there from the English coast.

"It was known, that a special bureau was about that time established, at the French office for foreign affairs, to keep up a direct correspondence with certain persons in England. The chief of that establishment, is an old member of the Constitutional Society; and a great friend of our leading English reformers. He was one of those, indicted for attempting to rescue his friend, Arthur O'Connor, at Maidstone."

"I beg to call the reader's particular attention to this most important fact."

Elsewhere, Mr. G. repeats this assertion.

"I have reason to believe, that

there are some persons in this country, who have a *direct* communication with Buonaparte, through his *bureau special*, established at Paris, for the purpose of maintaining a correspondence with the disaffected of this country."

As is well known, the French chief quitted the shore of the British channel for the banks of the Rhine and the Danube.

We should fill our columns with references, were we to mark those numerous places in our work, in which we have pointed out the mischief produced by French connexions. From the description of Galliek spies employed in other countries, our readers will infer the characters of some employed in Britain. Mr. G. says, very truly:

"The *primary* and most *efficient* cause of the subjugation of the continent of Europe, was the *predilection* of the *higher classes* at *every court* for *every thing* that was *French*; and the political measure of Buonaparte, is, to foster and promote that predilection. The spy is to be found in the garb of a **FEMALE DANCER**, a **SINGER**, or a **painter**, or even in a **friseur**; who pretend to have had reason to quit their country; who *insinuate themselves*, in the humble situation of persons of low condition or menial servants, into the confidence of persons of high rank, and sometimes prove more useful to their missionaries, than the most respectable accredited agent."

In like manner, says Mr. G. in Russia:

"The emperor Paul was beset with French courtezans [madame Chevalier, an actress, and a madame Bonneuil] and guided by ministers in the pay of France.

"Knowing Alexander to be very different from the Macedonian hero of that name, Buonaparte made him a present of a plentiful importation of French actresses, dancers, composers, daubing paint-

ers, singers, mendicant authors, milliners, &c. &c.

"The Russian noblesse, being in an extraordinary degree attached to French fopperies, and frivolities, were not backward in adding to the stock of imperial importations."

Those only who have never had information on the interior of courts, will despise the hint contained in these extracts. Could such as disregard them suffer, alone, we would not so incessantly re-echo this "warning voice!"

Mr. G. names, without reserve, those pensionaries of Buonaparte, in the cabinets of Prussia and Russia, by whom their sovereigns respectively were betrayed. The wily Corsican knew, before he quitted Paris, that he had organized treachery, and that he should triumph! What can we think of such sovereigns! What can they think of the duties attached to the office of supreme head of a nation!

Of the Austrian ministers, he says:

"Count Philip Cobentzel, as I have already observed, was more the minister of Buonaparte than of Francis. His treasons were even known to his own uncle, count Louis Cobentzel.* Nevertheless, he was allowed to remain in that situation. Had count Philip been an honest man, he would not have pressed his government to attack France before the arrival of the Russians. He should also have known, and made his government acquainted, that Buonaparte, being kept at Boulogne with an army in such an unsettled state, their impatience producing continual symptoms of mutiny, must have been much embarrassed how to act.

"The officers and men had, in fact, begun to turn him into ridi-

* Shortly before the last Austrian war, count Louis, then minister for foreign affairs, died of poison. No doubt it was effected by French agents.

rule, and consider him as a *Charlatan*, who pretended to things beyond his reach, in attempting the conquest of England——

"Well might general Mack, when informed of the approach of Buonaparte's army to Ulm, exclaim: 'The Austrian cabinet is sold to Buonaparte!—We are all betrayed!'"

"The despatch, from which the above is an abstract, was absolutely dictated by Buonaparte at Boulogne, and sent to Talleyrand, in Paris, to be given to Cobentzel, by him to be forwarded to Vienna.

"But that Buonaparte might be assured of the devotion of Cobentzel to his interest, *gens d'armes* in disguise, were sent after the bearer of the despatch, who happened to be a secretary of the Austrian legation. His papers were opened and examined, and he was allowed to proceed, the robbers contenting themselves with his purse and his watch."*

On this ministerial treason, Mr. Goldsmith founds an exculpation of general Mack, who was, he thinks, rather betrayed, than a traitor himself.

Of the Neapolitan minister at Paris, the marquis de Gallo, Mr. G. says:

"This vile traitor had been for some years, one of Buonaparte's spies in Paris. His business was, to report to him what passed at the diplomatick dinners, &c. For this honourable service he received 6,000 livres per month, from the cassette of Buonaparte. In further reward for his treason, when Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte became king of Naples, he was appointed minister for foreign affairs;

* This is a very convenient thing for the French *gens d'armes* employed upon such errands; for, to make it appear that the diplomatick robbery was effected by ordinary thieves, they are always ordered to plunder those they stop. Our messenger, Wagstaff, was robbed of his watch and 200 louis d'ors.

and he now holds the same situation under Murat."

Mr. G. asserts that count Haugwitz, the Prussian minister, with his secretary, M. Lombard, was long in Buonaparte's pay. It is well known that the king of Prussia received from France a subsidy of one million of rix-dollars [2000000] as the price of his neutrality.—Buonaparte and Talleyrand have said that he, also, received money from the allies, as payment for his remaining neuter. So that he plundered both parties—to what purpose? To be plundered infinitely more severely; and to endure the loss, unpitied; for, who can pity him? The fear of losing this subsidy, and when it was suspended, the hope of regaining it, acted but too powerfully on the imagination of the successor of the wise Frederick. How bitterly does he now regret his tergiversation! From a subsidized king, a bribed minister of state, a corrupt secretary, French jacobin maxims current among the army, and infidel principles triumphant in the palace, what could be expected, but what our eyes behold?

The craft employed by Buonaparte, in pensioning the post-masters in Germany, the thieves, robbers, and house-breakers, found and associated in his schemes, or sent and employed under his directions; the forgeries, the assaults, the murders, perpetrated by his authority and orders, are detailed in part by Mr. G. He knows but a small portion of them; and he has not told all he knows. We hope, that what he has said will have due influence on his countrymen; for, we again repeat it, such barbarities being unheard of in our island, they will obtain but a limited credence among us.—These we must pass; yet, an instance in which a British plenipotentiary was concerned, may demand insertion. The truth of the fact, w

suppose, may be undeniably ascertained by evidence now obtainable at home.

"One day, when Lord Lauderdale was dining at Mr. Champagny's, the police went to his lodgings, and examined his drawers and papers!!*

"Shortly before his lordship left Paris, it was the intention of Buonaparte to have him arrested; and, in order to ascertain what effect such a proceeding would have on the Parisians, he ordered an article to be inserted in the *Gazette de France*, stating, that lord Lauderdale was going to reside at the country house of the governour of Paris, Junot, for the benefit of his health!

"Every creature in Paris, concluded that this was the *avant courier* of the arrest of the English ambassador. Some asked Junot, whether the fact announced was true? others asked him, whether he was to become the jailor of lord Lauderdale? The thing became the subject of much conversation in Paris, and it was not thought prudent to carry it immediately into execution: but when his lordship left Paris, orders were received from Buonaparte, who had then already set off for Germany, to arrest his lordship and his suite. Fouché contrived, that the orders to be sent to Boulogne for that purpose, by the telegraph, should not be communicated till lord Lauderdale had already embarked.—Thus, Fouché, on this occasion, saved his master's reputation."

Nor was this the only instance in which the reputation of the emperor and king has been beholden to his instrument Fouché. (Now exiled from his post and in disgrace.)

"Not long since, Buonaparte,

* A person, who was employed on that business, told it to me, in the presence of Mr. Paul Benfield, after lord Lauderdale left Paris.

in one of his paroxysms, declared the Prussian minister, De Stein, to be outlawed, and ordered him to be shot, if ever he should be met by French troops. In this insane decree were included, Messrs. Louis Cobentzel and De Stadion, the Austrian ministers; M. De Marcaff, the ex-Russian ambassadour; and Mr. Canning. Whoever should kill the latter, the decree said, would deserve well of humanity, and that he should be rewarded by an estate in France! However, Fouché combated, with all his might, against such mad and unheard of proceedings; therefore, when his imperial majesty's anger was abated, M. De Stein remained the *only* outlaw. The decree against the others was never promulgated."

The secret treaty of Tilsit has been the subject of much political speculation. Scarcely any complete copies of it are abroad. The purport of it, with its intentions and its effects, are understood; but the terms in which they are expressed have been obtained by few. As Panoramists, we know by what person, and by what means, and at what price one copy of this instrument was obtained; but, we never saw a transcript of the treaty, purporting to be entire. Mr. G. gives the following, as its contents.—We incline to think, that he also, has seen an incomplete transcript.

"In addition to this publick treaty, a separate treaty was signed between France and Russia, which is very little known, and which I now communicate as the authentic state paper.*

"*Secret Treaty of Tilsit.*

"Article 1. Russia to take possession of Turkey in Europe, and

* The publick cannot expect from me, that I should inform them how, and by what means I was put in possession of that important document; however, in that quarter where it was necessary to substantiate my assertion by proof, I have found no hesitation in doing it.

to pursue her conquests in Asia as far as she thinks proper.

"2. The dynasty of the Bourbons of Spain, and of the Braganza family in Portugal, shall cease to exist; a prince of the blood of Buonaparte's family shall be invested with the crown of those kingdoms.

"3. The temporal authority of the pope to cease, and Rome and her dependencies to be annexed to the kingdom of Italy.

"4. Russia engages to assist France with her marine for the conquest of Gibraltar.

"5. The towns in Africa, such as Tunis, Algiers, &c. to be taken possession of by the French, and at a general peace, all conquests which might have been made by the French in Africa during the war, are to be given as indemnities to the kings of Sardinia and Sicily.

"6. Malta to be possessed by the French, and no peace ever to be made with England, unless that island be ceded to France.

"7. Egypt also to be occupied by the French.

"8. Vessels belonging to the following powers only, shall be permitted to navigate in the Mediterranean, viz. French, Russian, Spanish and Italian; all others to be excluded.

"9. Denmark to be indemnified in the North of Germany, and by the Hanse Towns, provided she consents to give up her fleet to France.†

"10. Their majesties of Russia and France will endeavour to come to some arrangement, that no power shall in future be permitted to

send merchant ships to sea, unless they have a certain number of ships of war.‡

"This treaty was signed by prince Kourakin, and prince Talleyrand."

Mr. Goldsmith seems to excuse, and even to pity Ferdinand VII. of Spain, for his venturing himself into the power of Buonaparte. Now we know, that his sister, the princess of Brazil, sent him expressly, and in the most confidential manner, a copy of this treaty, with particular observations on that part of it, which announced the impending destruction of the Spanish and Portuguese sovereigns. He ought to have been convinced, as effectually as that family was, which deluded the agents of Buonaparte, and in spite of their utmost efforts of fraud and force, found safety in flight.

But, the intention of dethroning the royal family of Spain, was no new conception. It was, in all probability, meditated from the time when Buonaparte proposed to found a new dynasty; and the first overt act to that purpose, was, if we rightly conjecture, the offer made to Louis XVIII. to resign his claim to the throne of France.

"I was particularly intimate with Mr. Esquerdo,§ who was the grand faiseur of that unnatural affair, and who signed, on the part of Spain, the treaty of the partition of Portugal. From that gentle-

‡ By such an arrangement, the ports of Prussia, Mecklenburgh, Oldenburgh, the Hanse Towns, and several others, must be governed by some of the leading maritime powers in Europe.

§ Mr. D'Esquerdo was the son of a hair-dresser in Saragossa; his father was much liked in the family of the count Fuentes, of that town, who also bore the Neapolitan title of prince Pignatelli. That nobleman gave young Esquerdo a good education, and he certainly proved to be a man of talents. In the course of time, he was introduced to court, where he became a great favourite, not only with the king and queen, but with the prince of peace.

† See my last publication, in which there are some facts relating to the intentions of France, with respect to the Danish fleet; and I must here observe, that whilst Buonaparte was thus holding out to Denmark indemnities in the North of Germany, Murat was sent on a mission to the king of Sweden, who was then in Pomerania, offering Norway to his Swedish Majesty, if he would make a peace with France!

man I learned, that the dethronement of the king of Spain had been long meditated by Buonaparte ; that it was at first communicated to the Spanish minister at Paris, le chevalier d'Azara, who immediately rejected all kind of further communication on this subject. The consequence was, that, in twenty-four hours after, Mr. d'Azara was poisoned, in time to prevent him from informing his court what had been intimated to him by Buonaparte. —

“Buonaparte, however, became, latterly, very much dissatisfied with him [Esquerdo] and told him about eighteen months ago, in the presence of all his ministers, that *he deserved to be hanged for the false statement which he had made about the publick opinion in Spain, which Esquerdo had represented as favourable to the French.* Since I have been in England, I have seen an account in the newspapers, that Mr. Esquerdo was brought to Paris, in irons, from Madrid, accused of high treason.”

From these specimens our readers will easily form an opinion on Mr. Goldsmith's book. We purposely refrain from noticing much that many will deem interesting. If it be asked what is the situation of France under this man's government ? Mr. G. replies, commerce there is none ; manufactures are very limited ; the grapes rot on the vines, yet excise duty is paid for the wine they should make ; *espionnage* is multiplied *ad infinitum* ; prisons are more numerous than ever ; *moutons* are still employed ; the torture is still used ; conscripts are demanded in greater numbers than the law allows ; there are no wounded, or mutilated soldiers in France ; if rendered unserviceable, they are slain outright. Such is the profitable exchange made by France, of the Bourbons for the Buonapartes ! at the expence of —,

but who can calculate at what expence ?

A word on the appendix, containing Mr. G's opinions on the imperial family, must conclude this article. The princes, and princesses, are bad enough, and too bad ; but are closely followed by the great officers of honour, who compose the court. Nevertheless, Mr. G. acknowledges exceptions. He even, somewhat to our surprise, has relieved the character of Fouché from some of the dark shades in which it is usually drawn ; and he finds, here and there, a marshal, or a general, not void of good qualities. Even among the Buonapartes, he describes Joseph, king of Spain, “the eldest of the family, as being of a very peaceable, mild disposition. He is a very domestick man, a good father, a good husband, and the poor man's friend.” Lucien is a man of considerable talents, has read much, and has cultivated his mind. He is of a very independent mind, and will not implicitly receive a command from his brother. Napoleon knows that Lucien does not entertain any high opinion of his talents,” we add, nor of “his star :” for we know from good authority, that Lucien has foretold him his doom ; and *will not be exalted*, dreading the contingent fall. “Louis Buonaparte,” says Mr. G. “is a good honest, well-meaning young man.” He affirms also, that he was highly approved of, as a sovereign, in Holland. We all know the consequence. As to the ladies of the family, Mr. G. calls them in plain terms —. But, we promised to avoid personalities : and therefore, refer to the volume, those who are curious on the general attractions of these publick personages. We are happy to have it in our power, to escape from closer contemplations of this den of imperial banditti : this sink of Corsican corruption.

SKETCHES OF VIENNA.

AS I am not aware of any work in our language which may be entitled a "picture of Vienna," I have been induced to select from the German, some of the leading features which mark that capital, and may claim attention. Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* has long been celebrated. Since that we have had "pictures" of London, Hamburgh, Constantinople, Palermo, &c. but the capital of Austria has somehow escaped a delineation which it appears to me to merit. I can vouch for the correctness of the following sketches having passed a winter there.

A general outline of the topography of this city may serve as a necessary introduction.

From the southern bank of the majestic Danube, the rising ground presents a commanding situation, whereon the Romans raised a fortification which they called *Vindobona*. Hence has gradually arisen the modern capital *Wien*, in German, or *Vienna*. To the north lie the woody islands in the Danube, by which that river is divided into ten branches. To the westward towers the lofty range of the Kahlenberg hills, covered with various buildings. To the eastward expand the fertile plains that stretch to the confines of Hungary: and to the south the landscape comprises hill and dale, villas and fertile fields. Does the traveller wish to enjoy a general view of this brilliant scenery, let him mount the spire of St. Stephen's or climb the Kahlenberg.

Geneva, at the head of its magnificent lake, has been compared to a medallion pendant to a green ribbon. Did we live in the age of parables, I should describe Vienna as a large brilliant set with emeralds, and an exterior row of party coloured stones. The city, with its beautiful and regular fortifications, stands nearly in the centre of the suburbs. The Es-

planade, between the latter and the city, is 400 yards broad, with intersecting rows of chesnut trees. When we consider the immense extent of the suburbs, the population of which is estimated at 150,000, we are astonished at the almost incalculable number of buildings that have been erected since Vienna was besieged by the Turks, in 1683. Objections have been urged against the trivial names attached to some of these suburbs: on the contrary, all must admire those of Leopoldstadt, Josephstadt, &c. Hence I rather agree with old Shandy, who considered the name of his child as a matter of great importance. How interesting to posterity would be a Kaunitzstadt, a Lasey square, a Loudon place! Future ages would daily be reminded of those great men, who either in the field or the cabinet, have increased the glory of Austria.

The climate is highly coquettish, as Mr. Burke says of our own. The city is exposed to the north and east winds; the air is very sharp, and more dry than humid. The dust is the great plague of Vienna; its subtilty soon effects the eyes; it also causes pulmonary complaints of all kinds. Servants, running footmen, hair-dressers, soldiers, &c. are carried off in great numbers. A stranger can form but a faint idea of the dust. Sixteen thousand coach wheels, with the necessary horses, and nearly a million of pedestrians, keep it in continual agitation. The whole city is buried in more than Egyptian darkness: and should you walk out of the gates, you must traverse a column of dust half a mile in diameter.

The water is not of the best quality. Strangers are afflicted with diarrhœa for some weeks after their arrival. In winter the thermometer is generally one or two degrees higher in the city, than in the suburbs and beyond the

lines. The mean degree of heat at midsummer may be taken at 26, and in winter at 11 below zero. The area of the city and suburbs, within the lines, is estimated at 45,360,000 square yards. In Vienna they reckon from 47 to 52 persons to a house; in Paris 20; in Berlin 15 only. The houses are built in a most substantial manner, and some of them have as many stories below as above ground. Such solidity of architecture offers no encouragement to fire-offices. In the memory of man there has been no instance in the city, of a single story having been destroyed by fire.

The witty observation of a writer, "that the emperor's horses are better lodged than their master," may be true in regard to the external appearance of the palace; but the interior is worthy of a great monarch. In the first class of magnificent buildings may be enumerated the Imperial Chancery; the Imperial Library; the Belvidere; the Schwarzenberg palace; the Bohemian Chancery; the palaces of Prince Lichtenstein; the Hungarian Chancery; the Church of St. Charles; the Imperial Stables; the Lobkowitz palace, &c. The second class includes about two hundred, containing every thing that elegance and voluptuousness can require. The estimate for building Count Fries's new palace was £ 40,000; the emperor's cabinet-maker made furniture to the amount of £ 6,000 and the pier glasses cost £ 1500. The house of Count Trattner is worthy of note. The establishment consists of about 600 persons. The possessor came originally from Hungary as an insignificant painter, and is now said to expend £ 30,000 per annum.

Among the publick establishments, we shall just mention the six great barracks for infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and the immense hospital that contains 3000

patients; also doctors, surgeons, attendants, cooks, midwives, lying-in women, foundlings, and lunatics.

The mixture of national costume is an interesting sight to a stranger, on his first arrival in Vienna. The erect and stiff walking Hungarian wrapt up in his pelisse, with an immense long tail; the round head Pole, with his hair cut *a la Brutus*; the Armenians, Wallachians, and Moldavians, in their half oriental dress; the Greeks in their white habits, and with long pipes; the bearded Musselman with his broad dagger and yellow slippers; the scarecrow Polish Jews with their swollen cheeks, and filthy, uncombed hair; and the Hungarian and Transylvanian boors with their greasy sheep skins in the form of cloaks. To this we may add the confusion of at least sixteen different languages constantly clattering in his ears.

In Vienna, as in every other capital, many sacrifices are made to procure an equipage or a saddle horse. They reckon 3000 gentlemen's carriages, 636 hackney coaches, 300 glass coaches, and about an equal number of publick vehicles. The amount of draught and riding horses, within the lines, may be taken at 10,000. Many a noble horse has been sold for £ 400 and some of the princes keep 80 or 100 of them. The number of dogs of all kinds, is estimated at 24,000.

The national blood has been so blended and intermixed with that of other nations, that the only characteristic feature now remaining to a real Vienna man, is the long sharp chin. He is of a middle size, slim, and long-limbed. The females are well grown, fresh coloured, lively, and fine skinned. Their beauty fades rather early. But who can paint their vivacity, what pen is swift enough to catch all that thousand variations; to trace on paper all those little no-

things that constitute the essentiality of female attraction and are continually fluttering on the wings of frivolity?

The citizens are courteous, open hearted, ready to oblige, docile, ingenuous, and good patriots. In their transactions they are upright and conscientious, condescending to their neighbours, and generous towards their friends. Their fundamental maxim is: "Live and let live." They are very fond of feasting, dancing, and of the theatres; but, as they seldom become bankrupts, on the contrary are in easy circumstances, we may conclude that their pleasures do not exceed their economical means. "There is only one Vienna," they exclaim in the fulness of joy. Were they singular in this delusion, there might be some reason for rallying them on the subject; but what nation do we hear of, whose capital is not the best? The Parisian says the same; the Portuguese exclaims: "He who has not seen Lisbon, has seen nothing." A Spaniard, on his death-bed, begged his son for once in his life to see Madrid. The Neapolitan, in his horrible jargon, calls out: "See Naples, and then die." And what says John Bull? Have not the Viennese, then, as much right as others to consider their capital as a paradise?

Who can reckon up the number of princes, barons, and counts, in Vienna, who constitute the three classes of high nobility? It is very natural that a great nobility should be collected in such a capital. The throne, publick affairs, the great world, ambition, family connexions, pleasure, &c. are the grand attractions. Old parchments and fine clothes no longer procure the favour of the monarch, the esteem of the publick or honourable posts. A dashing young man may spend his income as he pleases; may drive six horses; keep open house; and boast of his pedi-

gree; but if he considers these only as sufficient to render him a person of consequence, he will never acquire it. The most ancient families have long been distinguished for their publick services, their wealth, and their personal qualifications.

The society of the female nobility, also, is as instructive as it is delightful. In their circles, time is not wasted at the card table. Musical parties, friendly converse, literary information, observations on books, travels, works of art, the theatre, &c. beguile the hours of a long winter's evening.

When the poor man has been working for days together, in a garret, to muster up a few pence, he comes down in the evening stands a few minutes at the house door to consider the passing multitude, and then descends thirty steps underground into a wine cellar. The atmosphere of these places is saturated with vinous exhalations, to such a degree that intoxication soon takes place. Here the workman takes his evening's meal; the vintners sell wine from two pence to six pence the measure; they furnish also cheese, cold fish, sausages, &c. The most noted wine cellar, of the common sort, formerly belonged to a convent, and is filled with immense butts of red and white wine. The cellar men seldom see the sun; and in this one cellar they are said to burn 18,000 wax lights annually. The fashionable ones, particularly the Hungarian cellar, are fitted up with a display of taste; and in that you may order wine from one shilling a bottle, up to imperial Tokay, at half a guinea a pint.

Institutions of the Deaf and Dumb.

Joseph II. who observed every thing in his travels that merited the attention of a thinking mind, having visited the school of the Abbe l'Epee at Paris, determined on erecting a similar one in his

own capital. The number to be maintained gratis was fixed by his majesty at thirty; but not exactly confined to it. Whoever wishes to introduce a deaf and dumb person, above that number, pays the moderate annual sum of £ 10, for board, clothing, instruction, &c. They are taught language, religion, physicks, and arithmetick. A printing office has also been erected, the operation of which appears to be well adapted to their capacities. The girls learn common household affairs. There is also a riband manufactory to employ other girls, as well as those boys who cannot be engaged in printing. At seven in the morning they have prayers, and then proceed to church to hear mass. According to the first regulations, they were allowed to walk out every day; but now they are confined to three times a week. Every Sunday evening the institution is open to the publick.

The Oriental Academy.

Contains twelve scholars, who are particularly instructed in the Oriental languages, as well as in the living ones of Europe, and other necessary sciences. When duly qualified, they are sent to the Austrian embassy at Constantinople; and either recalled when a vacancy takes place, to the chancery for Oriental affairs, or are appointed as consuls to Moldavia, Wallachia, and the islands of the Archipelago. When there is war with the porte, they are attached to the army as interpreters.

* * * * *

No person can be buried at Vienna without having been previously inspected by the *Visitation Office*. Every physician, on the death of a patient, must draw up in writing the cause of his death, which is delivered to the above office. The object of this regulation is of great importance. If the deceased died of any suspicious disorder, the bed is carried away and burnt, or else thoroughly cleansed. Persons who

die suddenly are examined whether they have been poisoned, or been killed by any violent means. In short, it is similar to our coroner's inquest. A daily list is published, specifying the name, age, condition, quarter of the city, and even the number of the house, and the disorder of the deceased. The smallest number of deaths per day is seven, the greatest thirty-six.

As wood is very dear, and an immense quantity is consumed in coffins, Joseph II. issued an edict in 1784, that for the future, all bodies should be merely sewed up in a sack, and put into the ground. This created general disgust. The Greeks first began, by representing the edict as contrary to their ritual. Those provincial families who had relations in Vienna were greatly alarmed. At last the emperor was obliged to issue a contra-edict, stating, that "as the living set such a value on their carcases, and wished them to be longer in rotting, he did not care how they were buried; and that in regard to the coffins, every man might do what he chose with his own corpse."

MADELINA: A FEMALE PORTRAIT.

MADELINA, you wish me to draw your character. What a strange wish, to be preferred by a young lady to a young man, who has seldom seen you, at times and situations which admit of no disguise, and which draw forth all our secret foibles, and who, at best, has neither a sober nor impartial judgment! Still, however, I will do my best. If I blame you, your pride may reasonably impute it to my ignorance; if I praise, your modesty will naturally suggest some doubts of the sincerity of one who sets a very high value on your good opinion, and who thinks your smiles cheaply bought, even at the price of some duplicity.

And now to begin: but how! With the person to be sure. Beauty is never of small moment in a

woman's eye; and *that* is a cause of deep regret to those, who love true female dignity, happiness, and virtue. In the passion for beauty, shall we find the source of all the follies, and many of the crimes of women. So common is this passion, that, though a distinction of the sex, it is no characteristic of the individual. And yet had I a seraph's eloquence, it should be incessantly exerted to persuade the woman whom I value, that, inasmuch as she prizes beauty (particularly if she herself be beautiful) she is silly, wicked, or unfortunate. After this, you will hardly expect me to say any thing of your person.

But there is another reason for my silence: my decision would be no test of the truth. The female form generally pleases in different degrees, as it is viewed in different lights, at different hours, and by different eyes. The sentence of to-day, suggested by negligence of dress, captious behaviour, or unamiable sentiments, would be reversed to-morrow, at the intercession of a few smiles and affabilities, or at the pleading of a robe, brilliantly fair, and enchantingly becoming. So, we'll say nothing of thy person, Madelina.

Are you witty? Are you amiable? Are you wise? How hard to answer these questions, so as to convey to the object of our scrutiny, our precise meaning! I am almost afraid to proceed. To tell the truth is not always to make either wise or happy; and, when the truth produces nothing but resentment or misery, why should it be told? But come, in order to be safe, I will sketch what I think a good character, and leave it to you to find its resemblance to yourself.

The good girl, whom I wish to meet with, has a face that nothing but the soul within makes beautiful. It never yet was clouded by anger; neither had peevishness,

resentment, or envy, even a momentary place in it. The perverseness or malignity of others cannot be so great or incessant, as to conquer her patience. Her charity is large enough to take in every offence. Her penetration is clear enough to see the guilt and folly of impatience, in any situation. She has no sullen looks, no hasty complaints, no keen retorts; but all is placid sufferance, and heavenly serenity. She is good, inasmuch as she never treats others hardly or capriciously. She is perfect, inasmuch as the injuries of others, so far from provoking, vengeance, never even cause indignation, nor stop the current of that charity which flows for all.

She cultivates her mind, by regular and close attention to every profitable study. She has leisure, and the greatest part of it is spent in reading. She deems this an amusement indeed, and also a duty. She indulges, without scruple, that inclination, which leads her to works of taste, fancy, and domestic morality, because she regards these as the regulators, sweeteners, and embellishers of life; but while these are her favorite pursuits, she by no means despises or shuns the more rugged paths of history or science.

Still, however, she is no book worm, no recluse, no pedant. She meditates and reasons for herself; and her studious hours are betrayed, not by mere literary talk, by anecdotes of authors, and criticisms on their works, by hard words, and formal quotations, but by a certain dignity of thought and refinement of language, which nothing but familiar converse with books can give, and which diffuse themselves through all her conversation.

She is fond of society. The worthy she caresses; the gay, thoughtless, frivolous, immoral, or indecent, she treats, when she meets them, with strict politeness; but she never seeks them, and is at

home to them as rarely as possible. She endures their company, when unavoidable; but you cannot subject her to a more mortifying penance.

In her dress, she studies not merely the decent and becoming, but also the frugal. One of her chief cares is to shun all superfluous expenses. She always remembers, that her family are not opulent; that she has no independent provision. To-morrow may ravish from her grasp the frail and precarious props that uphold her.—This reflection has made her a pattern of economy and industry.—She is, in many respects, her own laundress, and, in all respects, her own sempstress.

She well knows the magic graces that flow from personal purity and habits of delicacy. Beauty is bestowed by some power beyond ourselves. It most commonly entails on the possessor infinite depravity and folly, and can never confer any real good. A temper, serene amidst the evils of life, and the fluctuations of others, forbearing and affectionate to all; manners, soft, mild, full of dignity and personal decorum, constitute the lasting power, the bewitching grace the irresistible charm—but if I run on thus, I shall write a volume, instead of a letter; so I will stop here, and ask you, Madelina, in what respects this creature of my fancy resembles you?

Are you studious? Do you spend a certain proportion of each day in reading? Were the reflections of any five minutes of your life suggested by any thing you met with in a book? Are any of the terms or ideas, which occur in your conversation, derived from this source? Are your friends and intimates distinguished by their charitable, devout, thoughtful, and home-loving habits? Are none of them vain, giddy, ridiculously prejudiced, or spoiled by fashion?

Are you diligent and economi-

cal? Do you spend nothing upon superfluities? Have you in all you buy, or all you do, a view to future independence, to be raised on your own efforts? Do you perform for yourself all that decency permits, and that a noble humility, a laudable frugality requires you to do?

Is your temper benign and equitable? Do you never repine at the want of those advantages of person and fortune, which others possess? Would not a splendid villa and an equipage, atone for many misfortunes of yourself and friends?

But let me, above all, inquire whether rational piety, its sanctions, duties, and consolations, are any thing to you but empty sounds? Have the ideas of a future state, a pure and all-seeing eye, ever found a moment's place in your thoughts? Are you at all acquainted with that principle, which enables us to love merit, though neither beautiful nor rich, and to look down with pity on arrogance and pomp?

To some of these questions, candour may oblige you to answer, but not with reluctance; and your heart, impatient of blame, may whisper—"I have as much of these estimable qualities, as most others. I can scarcely point out one of my acquaintance, who (no older than I) has more simplicity, frugality, industry, charity, candour, or devotion. If I err, my judgment and not my inclination is to blame. I ardently wish to attain all that is good, graceful, and lovely in the female character. I am always striving to attain them; and the failure of my efforts humbles and distresses me.

"Above all things, I wish to be reputed sensible and learned; but my poor head will not allow it. I cannot keep alive my curiosity for books. When I read, unless it be some fashionable play or novel, all is tedious, dark, and unintelligible; but I did not choose my own understanding, and I cannot recreate myself; and, though nature will not

second my wishes, to reach the highest place, yet I am not the very lowest in the scale. I know myself to possess some sense, some generosity, a heart that is both pure and warm, and principles that will never let me stoop to meanness or falsehood; and my great comfort is, that few are better than me; many, very many, are worse."

Thy pleas, Madelina, are perfectly just. Inclination and zeal will go far to make us better, but they will not do every thing; and whatever charm there may be in diffidences and disclaimings, it is absurd and pernicious to give up our dues. I rejoice in thy anxiety for improvement, and applaud thee for respecting thyself. In looking round, I also find very few that are thy superiors, but very many that are, in all thy estimable qualities, much below Madelina.

LETTER FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

THE retired habits of life to which you have been accustomed, my beloved Louisa, must, of course render the manners of those who bow to that idol termed fashion, disagreeable, if not absolutely disgusting; yet you must not attempt to form your opinion of fashionable society in general, from the specimen you saw of it at the Hon. Mrs. D.'s, for that would not only prove an error of judgment, but an illiberal mode of deciding.

It has been remarked and with great propriety, that a stranger introduced into a family, with whose private history he was unacquainted, might generally form a just conception of those who presided at the head of it, by the manners and appearance of the domesticks; and the same remark holds good with regard to society, for we may certainly acquire a knowledge of the disposition of our acquaintance by knowing that of their intimate friends.

Birds of a feather
Will flock together;

is a trite, and in this instance, an appropriate maxim; and the party that were assembled at the house of the amiable Mrs. D.'s fashionable relation, is exactly of the description I should have expected. When I took leave of what is called the gay world, the Hon. Mrs. D. was just entering into it, and, from the levity of manners in which (even as a girl) she allowed herself too great a license, I foretold the dissipated life she would lead; and admired and followed as she was at that period, I should not have been surprised at hearing she had openly defied the censure of the world. I am delighted at finding my Louisa's manners were such as did not attract the attention of that volatile woman; for had they done so, you would have found it difficult to avoid her pressing invitations; but with such a friend as Mrs. D. to protect you, I scarcely need caution you against being seen with her in public.

Yet, as a young woman, upon her entrance into life, cannot be too cautious, and as I know Mrs. D. to be the perfect child of caprice, it is not improbable that she may hereafter be inclined to offer you a variety of civilities: it is painful, I allow, to return the apparent warmth of friendship with the freezing cold of indifference, or the repelling chillness of reserve; but such a mode of conduct will be indispensably necessary with every character of Mrs. D.'s cast. You tell me that Mrs. D. only pays an annual visit, and this in compliance with her husband's wishes; but my dear Louisa, so well do I know that if novelty should give additional charms to your person, and you should happen to receive the attention of the other sex, she will court your acquaintance by the most sedulous attentions, for the purpose of attracting to her par-

ties the most fashionable young men. Your friend, Emily H——, who you know passed last summer at Cheltenham with her aunt, the Dowager Lady H——, dined with me yesterday, and gave me several anecdotes, which justify these remarks. Though Emily possesses a greater portion of personal attractions than usually falls to the share of an individual, they were not of the kind which appeared to please Mrs. D. but when she observed that swarms of the beaux followed her footsteps, and that not to admire her would have been considered as a want of taste, the votary of fashion suddenly altered her mode of conduct, and offered the ungrateful Emily the most decided marks of friendship and esteem. I call that amiable girl ungrateful, ironically; and from knowing that she despised the woman who was weak enough to pay the tribute of homage to personal attractions, without endeavoring to discover whether she possessed a single mental qualification. But the truth is, Mrs. D.'s charms have long been declining; and those emperas of fashion, who buzzed around her whilst they were in their zenith, have either discovered the ravages which time makes upon the loveliest set of features, or have been disgusted with the insipidity of her conversation; and, mortified at this change, she makes a point of professing attachment to every new face that is likely to attract a number of fashionable young men to her house.

You will, I fear, my dear girl, think your mother is going to adopt a new character, or rather to revive one, which was held in repute amongst the Romans;* but believe me, my love, I feel no pleasure in detraction; and should not have made a remark that might appear illiberal, but from the fear that the

lady alluded to might pay you the same attentions she did your amiable young friend.

Impatiently shall I long for a second letter from you, in which I intreat you to open every thought of your heart; and remember, my beloved Louisa, that in your mother you will ever find the most indulgent and the kindest of friends. I was pleased with the description of your new acquaintance, Lady Charlotte C——; yet, let me caution you, my dearest girl, against forming any hasty friendships. In fact, if the growth of that which assuages our cares, is not slow and progressive, it will not arrive at maturity or strength. Those sudden attachments, which are merely formed upon a pleasing exterior, and which are imprudently dignified with the appellation of friendship, are merely capricious partialities, unable to withstand the slightest test. How frequently have I known these pretended friendships destroyed by the simple circumstance of superiority of dress; if vanity did not receive an irrecoverable blow by personal decorations, the pomegranate† bud was for ever blasted by any pointed attention from the opposite sex.

Yet do not suppose I mean to infer that Lady Charlotte C. is one of those versatile, frivolous characters: her conduct to you, and the warmth of sisterly affection which she testified, convinces me she is of a different turn; but it is necessary to know well the disposition of a person before you form a strong attachment to any individual, however pleasing their manners, or however well principled their heart.

I rejoice at hearing your mornings are devoted to improvement; how great will be the reward you will reap from this temporary deprivation of what is termed plea-

* *Censor*, an office held high in respect by the Romans; a person endowed with authority to correct any impropriety of conduct.

† A plant sacred to friendship; a wreath of the flowers adorns the Goddess's head.

sure ! and in accomplishments, as well as virtues, endeavour to obtain the zenith ; for mere mediocrity may easily be acquired. Nature has gifted you with a sweet voice, but it is in your power materially to improve it ; and there is a secret satisfaction in knowing, that by so doing you will have the power of gratifying your friends ; in short, the Great Bestower of all talents, never intended them to be wrapped up in a napkin, but that they should contribute to our own happiness, and the benefit of Society.

Though the letter, which I shall inclose from my noble boy Edward, may give you reason to indulge the hope of soon embracing him, yet Admiral Montague informs me, there is little probability of it ; and to this mortifying disappointment I must patiently submit, trusting that Being, who is a father to the fatherless, will preserve his precious life.

Adieu, my beloved Louisa ! that heaven may pour its choicest blessings on your head, is the ardent prayer of

Your attached mother.

MEMOIR OF AGRIPPINA THE ELDER.

AGRIPPINA was the daughter of Marcus Visinius Agrippa, and at an early age, united extraordinary talents with exalted virtue and female delicacy. Yet, even in this brilliant character, a few dark shades were observable : a proud indignant spirit, inflexible obstinacy, and boundless ambition, these were the fatal errors which led to all her subsequent sufferings.—She was married, while very young, to Germanicus, the son of Drusus, a prince endued with superiour magnanimity of spirit, uncommon mildness and discretion, and undeviating integrity ; in short, in the character of Germanicus was comprised every princely attribute, softened by every domestic virtue. His judgment was equally conspicuous

in the cabinet as was his bravery in the field. The increasing popularity of this young prince, in addition to his near relationship to Octavius, marked him the object of the artful Livia's secret envy ; and she prevailed on the weak emperor to send him into *honourable exile*. The faithful partner of his pleasures was also the sharer of his toils ; and in Germany and Syria, Agrippina alternately triumphed in her husband's glory, or deeply mourned the ingratitude which suffered his important services to be repaid with the blackest calumnies. It was in scenes like these that the tender wife of Germanicus proved herself a heroine ; with her infant in her arms she harangued the rebellious soldiery, reclaimed them to a sense of honour and their duty ; and, superiour to the apprehensions generally attached to the female character, animated a whole camp by her extraordinary courage and presence of mind. When Tiberius succeeded to the throne, he gave full scope to the rancour which had hitherto fostered in his bosom ; the brothers of Germanicus had, one by one, fallen beneath his merciless cruelty, and it was no difficult matter to remove the only remaining claimant to imperial honours. Germanicus was treacherously sacrificed, to the eternal disgrace of Tiberius and his guilty associates ; and his disconsolate widow was left to struggle against all the horrors which awaited her unprotected state. Ignorant of the share which Tiberius had in the vile transaction, Agrippina returned to Rome, to implore justice and mercy at the foot of the throne ; but how different was her reception from what she had heretofore been accustomed to. No triumphal arches were raised for her to pass through—no acclamations of joy saluted her ears—even her own family were prevented from meeting her on the road ; and the very friends, who had sworn to support

her cause and avenge the murder of Germanicus, found fears for their own safety predominate over their upright principles, and ignobly shrunk from the performance of their high-sounding promises. Agrippina, indignant at this treatment, incautiously expressed herself in terms which reflected acrimoniously on the senate, and rendered her an object of implacable hatred to Tiberius. The populace sympathized with her sorrow and unjust treatment, and openly expressed their condolence, shedding tears of unfeigned anguish over the urn of their departed hero; but these tokens of attachment served only to augment the malice of her enemies; and the wretched Agrippina was torn, in the dead of the night, from the arms of her weeping children, and conveyed to the island of Pandateieve; where, in a miserable dungeon, exposed to the vilest barbarities inflicted by a brutal jailer, she dragged on a burthensome existence. Yet her fortitude and piety were still exemplary; and she supported her misfortunes with the proud consciousness of innate rectitude, till death terminated her expectations and her sufferings. Her daughter, commonly called Agrippina the younger, was placed, at an early age, under the care of her grandmother, the venerable Antonia, who endeavoured, in vain, to form her mind in the mold of her excellent mother's. The young Agrippina inherited all the charms and talents of that unhappy princess; but her heart was the seat of hyprocrisy and artifice. Her eldest brother, the amiable Drusus, had shared the fate of his unfortunate parents; and Caligula, the youngest brother of Agrippina, instead of becoming her guardian and protector, initiated her into the practice of the most odious vices. [It is said that Agrippina poisoned her husband in order to make her son emperor.]

On the ill effects which may proceed from rocking children to sleep.

IN a treatise published many years ago by an Italian physician, there are some ingenious remarks on the practice of rocking children to sleep. 'This motion,' says the author, 'must injure the delicate texture of the brain, spoil their digestion, turn the milk in their stomachs, make them squeamish, and occasion many disorders in the bowels, to which it is no wonder that children are so subject.' 'It seems to be intended by nature,' he further observes, 'that mankind should pass the early state of infancy in a kind of lethargic composure, which contributes to ripen and perfect the organs. But when this time is passed, and they begin to give symptoms of their sensibility by their frequent cries, ought we to suppress these cries, and prevent them from paying tribute to nature? Would it not be better to leave them to themselves, and let them sink gradually into that calm condition to which their fatigue of spirits would presently reduce them? Those impatient nurses, who are in haste to bring them again into their state of original stupefaction by rocking them, often substitute very melancholy disorders by endeavouring to relieve them from slight sufferings which are inseparable from the condition of human nature.'

Two men happening to jostle each other in the streets, says one, "I never permit a blackguard to take the wall."—"I do," said the other, and instantly made way.

A shabby beau (who now and then borrows a suit of his taylor, when he cannot afford to buy) appearing a few weeks ago in a suit of black, was asked by a person he met if he was in mourning for a friend? "Oh, no," says he, "I wear it because it is *Lent*."

Amusing.



One John Robinson, was once employed by the English ministry for the purpose of manoeuvring the house of commons into their measures. Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the house of commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exerted by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood, that there was a person employed by the minister, as *Manager of the House of Commons*.—Here there was a general cry of name him! name him! “No, says Mr. Fox, I do not choose to name him, tho’ I could do it, as easily as say *Jack Robinson*.”

I have heard of one gentleman, who gave a bookseller the dimensions of his shelves, to fit up his library; and of another, who giving orders for the same kind of furniture, just mentioned, that he must have Pope, and Shakspear, and Milton.—“And hark ye,” he added, “if either of those fellows should publish any thing new, be sure to let me have it, for I choose to have *all their works*.”

A coachmaker, remarking the fashionable stages of carriages, said, that a *sociable* was all the ton during the *honeymoon*, and a *sulky*, ever after.”

The late Mr. Townsend, walking down Broadstreet, Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window that had not a light in it. Mr. T. asked him how he dared to destroy people’s property in that manner? “Oh,” said the urchin, “it is all for the good of the trade, *I am a glazier*.” “All for the good of the trade, is it?” said Mr. T. raising his cane and breaking the boy’s head; there, there, you young ras-

cal, that is for the good of *my trade I am a surgeon*.”

Sir Roger De Curtis having received orders, while in London, to take the command of a squadron, and hoist his flag on board the *Formidable*, at Portsmouth, he travelled for dispatch without servants, plainly dressed, in the mail coach. As it frequently happens in this sort of conveyance, the passengers were unknown to each other, and Sir Roger found himself in company with a young man, who proved by his uniform to be a mate of the East Indiaman, then lying at the Mother Bank. When they had proceeded within a few miles of Petersfield, the young officer pulled out some cheese and bread from his bundle, and invited his fellow travellers to eat. During the repast, he treated them with seaphrases, which induced the admiral, jocosely, to ask him many simple questions relative to nautical tactics;—among others he demanded how sailors could see at night, and whether they were not sometimes compelled to tie the ship to a post or tree till morning? The mate was not backward in bestowing a few hearty anathemas upon the ignorance and lubberly lingo of the admiral, who laughed heartily at the joke, but bore the rough observations of the sailor, and the contemptuous grins of his fellow passengers with the greatest good humor. On their arrival at Portsmouth, the admiral shook hands with the mate, and went on board his ship. The same day the admiral came on shore with his broad gold laced hat and uniform, attended by several of his barge-men, and walking up Point-street, he met his late fellow passenger, the mate of the Indiaman. Before the latter could recover from his surprise, Sir Roger accosted him

with "What cheer, mess-mate ; you see I am not the lubber you took me for ; but come, as I breakfasted out of your locker this morning, you shall splice the main brace with me this evening : then you may square your yards and run before the wind to the Mother Bank." The mate, with astonishment apologised as well as he was able, for the liberties he had taken with the admiral, who soon released him from his embarrassment, and advised him over a bottle, never to be decoyed in future by false colours, but to look sharply at the mould and trim of every vessel he met before he suffered her to surprise him.

When Marshal Tallard was riding with the Duke of Marlborough in his carriage, after the victory of Blenheim, 'My lord Duke,' says the marshal, you have had the honour of beating the best troops in world. 'I hope,' replied the Duke, 'you except those who have had the honour of beating them.'

A philosopher and a wit were crossing the water, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. 'Why,' said his friend, 'that will suit your genius to a title ; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface of things.'

A man, sitting one evening at an alehouse, thinking how to get provision for the next day, saw another, dead drunk, on the opposite bench. A thought instantly struck him, and going to the landlord, he said, 'do you not wish to get rid of this sot ?' 'Aye, to be sure,' returned he, and half a crown shall speak my thanks.' 'Agreed,' said the other, 'get me a sack.' A sack was brought, and put over the drunken guest. Away trudged the man with his burthen, till he came to the house of a noted resurrecti-
onist, when he knocked at the door,

'who's there ?' said a voice. 'I have brought you a subject,' replied the man, 'so come quick, give me my fee.' The money was immediately paid, and the sack deposited in the surgery. The motion of quick walking had pretty nearly recovered the poor victim, who, before the other had been gone five minutes began to endeavour to extricate himself from the sack. The purchaser, enraged at being thus outwitted, ran after the man who had deceived him, collared him and cried, 'why, you dog, the man's alive !' 'Alive !' answered the other, 'so much the better, kill him when you want him.'

A very plain man was acting the character of Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monima said to him, 'My lord, you change countenance ;' a young fellow in the pit cried, 'for heaven's sake, let him.'

A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who resided at Chelsea ; after continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. 'Oh ! by no means,' replied the doctor, 'I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out, hoping to kill two birds with one stone.'

A Lacedemonian having fallen in battle, his conqueror aimed a blow at his back. Wounded and weak as he was, he made an effort to turn himself, 'Strike me before,' he cried, 'that my friends may not blush for me after my death.'

A foolish fellow said in company, 'an idea strikes me.' A wag replied, 'I am surprised at it.'

'You are always yawning,' said a woman to her husband. 'My dear friend,' replied he, the husband and wife are *one*, when I am alone, I grow weary.'

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A gentleman observed, that every monumental inscription ought to be in latin ; because, in consequence of its being a *dead* language it would always *live*.

In Dublin there are several little stands for shoe blacks. An Englishman, having availed himself of the convenience of one of them, and paid his little shoe black with a considerable degree of haughtiness, upon which the young urchin said, 'By my shoul ! all the *polish* you have is upon your boots and I gave it you.'

Louis XIV. was told, that lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. 'I shall soon put him to the test,' said the king ; and asking lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in : The other bowed and obeyed. The king said, 'the world is in the right in the character it gives : Another person would have troubled me with ceremony.'

An honest jack tar would be coaxed up to London from Deptford, but thought it a very unbecoming thing in him, who had just been paid off, and had money in plenty, not to have a whole coach to himself ; of course, he took all the places, seating himself at the same time on the top. The coach was about to set off, when a gentleman appeared, who was holding an altercation with the coachman on the absurdity of his insisting that all the seats were taken, and not a person in the coach. Jack overhearing high words, thought, as he had paid for full freight, he had a right to interfere, and inquired what was the matter. On being told, that the gentleman was much disappointed at not getting a seat, he replied, 'You lubber, stow him away in the hold, but I'll be d—d if she shall come upon deck.'

A new mode of challenging a jury.

An Irish bookseller, previous to his trial, in which he was defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any objections, he might legally challenge them. 'By J—s, and so I will,' replied he, 'if they don't bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them.'

A medical gentleman, in an advertisement, informed the public, that he had removed from his old station to a place near the churchyard, for the *accommodation* of his patients.

A certain *bruising* parson, having been examined as a witness in the court of King's Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him. I think you are the bruising parson, said he. 'I am,' says the divine, 'and if you doubt it, I will give it you *under my hand*.'

A gentleman, who was well known to be fond of his bottle, said one day, after having drank pretty freely, that the wine was very *thick*. 'No,' said a friend, 'it is you are *too thick* with the wine.'

A punster observing a person folding some bank bills remarked, 'you must be in excellent business for I see you *double your money* very easily.'

An orator began a speech with promising that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of into *thirteen heads*. The audience began to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. 'But,' continued the orator, 'to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them.'

On the edge of a small river in the county of Gavan in Ireland is a stone with the following strange

inscription, no doubt intended for the information of strangers, travelling that way—'N. B. When this stone is out of sight, it is unsafe to ford the river.'

Mr. — was not remarkable for his punctual attendance on public worship. A friend once asked him, why he was so frequently culpable in that respect? He said, that neighbour such a one snored so intolerably that he could not sleep.

A countryman who had been greatly cheated in the exchange of his horse for new rum at Hartford, inquired for a justice, to enter his complaint; and was told, that he had better apply to the mayor of the city. 'The mare,' said the countryman, 'who's that?' Why, our chief magistrate is a mayor, replied the cit, with a contemptuous sneer. 'Well,' said the countryman, 'that looks grateful; as you have made your estates out of old horses, to choose a mare for your chief magistrate.'

A gentleman in conversation with the chaplain of Castle William, near Boston, observed to him, that his task was much easier than that allotted to other ministers: and being asked why? replied, 'because your hearers are convicted already; and you have nothing to do but convert them.'

Soon after the treaty of peace between England and America, the master of an American vessel in London fell in company with some sharpers, who urged him very much to join them in a bottle or two of porter. He consented to go to a public house, where, after they had all drank very freely, they dropt off one by one, till at last the Yankey was left quite alone. The innkeeper coming in observed to him that he supposed he was not much acquainted with

their 'English blades.' 'I am not,' replied the American. 'Well (said the innkeeper) the reckoning falls on you.' 'Does it (replied the other, affecting surprise, and clapping his hand to pay it, but pausing, he says) well, if that be the case, give me another bottle before I go.' The innkeeper stepped out to get it. In the mean time the American wrote on the table, 'I leave you American handles for English blades,' and walked off in his turn.

A bacchanalian candidate offering for a country borough in England, the electors unanimously agreed that he was a very proper man to support.

In the year 1775, at Boston, a centinel was placed at the door of a clergyman of great wit, to keep him, as was supposed, from having any communication with the British. The reverend doctor one day wishing for a quarter of meat from the market, applied to the honest centinel to go to the market and bring it; but he replied, he was placed there to guard his reverence. Never mind that, replied the doctor, putting on his accoutrements, give me your gun and cartouch box, and I will keep sentry until you return. The man complied, and the doctor was, to the great mirth of all the neighbours, seen walking before his own door, in that ludicrous attire, till the man returned with the meat.

A Scottish clergyman, in what he facetiously terms, 'A faithful translation of Sonnini's travels in Egypt,' informs his readers, that at Malta 'the ridges of the houses are all flat terraces,' and that, 'at Rosetta the inhabitants cut the throats of their ducks, and in that situation keep them alive, with their wings broken,' and lastly, that 'the Orientals never take a walk but on horseback.'

Poetic Department.

THE BEE, THE VIOLET AND PANSY.

Shepherd, if near thy artless breast
The god of fond desires repair,
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay;
Should these thy wandering eye beguile,
And steal thy careless heart away.

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer day
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne by his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon, in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of evening came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And VIOLETS all the bank inwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a PANSY grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies,
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade, the purple hue

The stranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet
When o'er the hardly-bending meads,
He springs on more than mortal feet.

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast,
Than felt the fond enamor'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound:
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labors led
Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head,
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art,
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
"Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower of humbler hue,
"That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,

"Array'd in unbespangled blue,
"The simple clothing of the
skies.

"This flower, with balmy sweet-
ness blest,

"May yet thy languid life re-
new:"

He said—and to the VIOLET'S
breast

The little vagrant faintly flew.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

I HOPE, Mr. Oldschool, you will not deem me intrusive, for having offered to your consideration some lines, written on the splendid victory achieved by captain Jones, of the United States' sloop of war Wasp, in an engagement with the British sloop of war Frolic. Probably the records of naval history will not furnish another instance of a victory so decisive, with such inequality of force, achieved in so short a space, with so much damage to the enemy, and with so little comparative loss. If any thing could add to our gratification, it is the peculiar modesty with which captain Jones relates this brilliant affair, in his official account of the transaction.

FRESH blows the gale—o'er O-
cean's azure realm,
"In goodly trim, the gallant ves-
sel glides:"

Heroic JONES, presiding, takes
the helm,
His country's honour is the star
that guides!

A band of heroes all his dangers
share!
Who, when their country calls
them, to provoke,
The dread, th' unequal contest,
nobly dare
'The red artillery of the British oak!

At length, impell'd by favourite
gales along,
Majestic now she ploughs the bri-
ny deeps,

The dread avenger of our coun-
try's wrong,
While, undisturb'd, the treasur'd
vengeance sleeps.

Dim in th' horizon, Albion's hos-
tile star,
In silent grandeur, rises on the
sight:
Terrific omen! honour'd wide
and far—
The harbinger of death, and pale
affright.

Near and more near the bloody
contest draws—
Frowning they meet, and awfully
serene—
And, ere the strife begins, in so-
lemn pause,
They stand and watch the narrow
space between.

It was an hour to none but he-
roes dear,
When vulgar mortals tremble and
despair:
When all the patriot has to hope,
or fear,
Seems but suspended by a single
hair.

At such an hour, what hostile
passions meet!
What wild emotions enter and de-
part!
What hopes of glory! fears of
foul defeat!
All throng, tumultuous, through the
stoutest heart!

But mark! around what sudden
glooms infest,
As if the clouds that sail'd the
realms of air,
At once, had settled on the oceans
breast,
And fixed the region of contention
there.

Unusual darkness on the surface
lies,
A night of horror veils the combat
o'er,

Disturb'd by victor shouts and
dying cries—
By lightning flashes, and the thun-
der's roar.

Now light returns: but what dis-
may and rout!
How cold the cheek where hope
was so elate!
And the pale lip still quivers with
the shout
Of joy and triumph in the hour of
fate.

Short was the contest—O! in pi-
ty, spare!
Ye sights, unholy! vanish from my
ken:
For supplicating Mercy's cries,
forbear!
Nor taunt with victory these dying
men.

But welcome, heroes! to your na-
tive land;
Safe from th' arduous perils of the
fight;
And welcome, gallant leader of
the band!
Who blushes when he finds his
fame so bright.

And welcome BOOTH and ROB-
BERS! welcome KNIGHT!
And RAPP!—such noble souls will
ne'er refuse
This poor requittal, and with
rudeness slight
The humble offering of no venal
Muse.

Nor CLAXTON shall thy worth
unsung remain,
Thy early day betokens promise
fair;
For glory hover'd round the
brows of pain,
And mark'd unseen the future hero
there.

Nor shall thy merits, BIDDLE,
pass untold,
When cover'd with the cannon's
flaming breath,

Onward he press'd, unconquera-
bly bold,
He fear'd dishonour, but he spurn-
ed at death.

He mov'd the foremost of the
gallant band,
Undaunted by the roar of hostile
arms;
And led reluctant Victory by the
hand.
Confus'd and blushing, in her blaze
of charms.

Then welcome, heroes! for your
glory lives;
Nor shall malignant Envy dare
assail:
Receive the laurel which your
country gives,
And share her triumphs while she
tells the tale.

LINES

On a young lady's taking a voyage.

YE winds, be hushed—forbear to
roar,
Ye waves, nor proudly lash the
shore;
Be hush'd ye storms, in silence
sleep,
Nor rage destructive o'er the deep.
Aspasia sails—and at her side
The *Beauties* on the ocean ride.

Rise, Neptune, from thy coral
bed,
And lift on high thy peaceful bed;
Calm with thy nod the raging
main,
Or bid the billows rage in vain.
Aspasia sails—and at her side
The *Graces* on the ocean ride.

Attendants of the watery god,
Ye Tritons, leave your green a-
bode;
Ye Nereids, with your flowing hair,
Arise, and make the nymph your
care.
Aspasia sails—and at her side
The *Muses* on the ocean ride.

Thou seaborn Venus, from thine
isle,
Propitious on the voyage smile;
Already, anxious for the fair,
Thy winged son prefers his pray-
er.
Aspasia sails—and at her side
The Loves upon the ocean ride.

Let ALL attend—and bid the
breeze
Blow softly—bid the swelling seas
Swell gently—for such worth be-
fore
The ocean's bosom never bore.
Aspasia sails—and at her side
The Virtues on the ocean rise:

—
From the Freemason's Magazine.

A few evenings since the author
was modulating a Pensive Ada-
gio on the Piano forte as a young
lady entered the room; and in
the bewitching language of fe-
male softness, requested him to
change the dull depressive air to
a lively ad libitum movement.

IT was a request that elated my
soul,
(Thou fair nameless she) with
delight I obey;
For Time's pensive movement
should never control
Thy heart's fondest wish—to be
happy and gay.

Adagio each lively sensation de-
presses;
Thy sentient pulsation allegro
inspires;
Music's soft note with the tend'rest
caresses;
In dulcet vibration repays thy
desires.

Thy mind's strong expression ecsta-
tically thrilling—
From those tell-tales, thy eyes,
I read all it desir'd;

My breasts emotion gave birth to
a feeling,
Too keen for possession—it
breath'd and expir'd.

May virtue innate in thy breast e-
ver reign;
And life gaily bloom in nature's
fair wreath;
Through time's fleeting joys that
contentment obtain,
The banquet of innocence ever
must breathe.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.
ODE TO HONOUR.

HAIL! Spirit of the lion brood!
I hail thee! monarch of my soul;
Who guid'st my veins' mad roll-
ing flood;
Proud chieftain! of supreme control.

Crown'd with lightning, thron'd
in storm,
First born in battle's raging force;
Thy mandate bids the phalanx
form,
Where even demons take their
course.

Thy thirsting, like the Danish
shade,
By no libation is appeas'd;
Until the reckoning blood has
paid,
And vengeance has thy spirit eas'd:

Thine are the sybil tomes of fate,
For should one sacred page be lost.
Repentance then is vain and late;
The rest is kept with double cost.

'Tis but to offer at thy shrine
That crowns from danger's front
are torn;
And 'tis for thee that we entwine
Those laurels which the sword has
shorn.

And that mild dietate comes from
thee;
Which teaches Pride to stoop his
crest;
Bending, to gentle courtesy,
The fiercer inmates of his breast.